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Farewell and Hail

PEOPLE are always glad to see the old year out. If it has been good, it hasn't been good enough and next year may be better; if it has been bad, then good riddance. Only with the passing of time does a given year take on quality and become "the good old days." To these laws of human perverseness, 1948 was no exception.

To be sure, much that happened in this arbitrary segment of time was gloomy and forbidding. The war of nerves between Russia and the West mounted in fury, reaching a shrill crescendo in the siege of Berlin and the retaliatory air lift. The United Nations lost ground, having failed to implement its own partition plan for Palestine, to prevent the Dutch from resorting to the classic methods of colonialism in Indonesia, or to record any progress in the international control of atomic energy. Czechoslovakia, for the second time in a decade, fell victim to the aggressive designs of a foreign tyranny, and in Germany the denazification process went into an alarming reverse.

Violent death came to Mohandas K. Gandhi, Jan Masaryk, Count Bernadotte, and Laurence Duggan—and very nearly to Walter Reuther. In its more natural forms, it exacted a heavy toll, ranging from political leaders like Eduard Benes, Charles Evans Hughes, Mohammed Ali Jinnah, Andrei Zhdanov, Wilbur Cross, and Josephus Daniels to General Pershing, Orville Wright, and Babe Ruth. The films lost Sergei Eisenstein, D. W. Griffith, and Elissa Landi; Roark Bradford, Emil Ludwig, Charles A. Beard, and Genevieve Taggard dropped out of the world of letters, and Franz Lehar was blended into a Vienna that has long ceased to exist, if indeed it ever did.

Here in the United States, the inflated dollar shrank to about 58 cents, the State Department conducted a running feud with the President over Palestine, and civil liberties came in for dismayingly rough treatment. As the cold war intensified, so did the boldness of our political bigots. The Un-American Activities Committee hit new lows for un-American activity, and its high-handed assault on the rights of citizens was echoed in private industry, especially in Hollywood. Henry A. Wallace, campaigning for the Presidency, was pelted with eggs and assorted fruit in many cities of the South, and the press of the country made the most of such bizarre episodes as the Kasenkina case, the confessions of Elizabeth Bentley, and the mystery of the pumpkin papers. The Talmadge dynasty returned to power in Georgia, and the Long dynasty in Louisiana.

But a year is a full period of time, as human events go, as well as a convenient one. And if all that has been mentioned so far was depressing and fearful, a great deal else occurred that was full of hope and good to record. Ironic as it may be, the death of Gandhi in large part brought peace to India and Pakistan where the U. N. was powerless to do so. As long as they exist, the people of Israel will remember 1948 as the year that brought to realization the dream of two millenniums, the year the British lowered their flag and the homeland was reestablished. In England itself, many who prefer to forget the conduct of their government in Palestine will think of 1948 as the year the railways were nationalized and medical service made free for the asking. The Yugoslavs may well mark 1948 as their year of independence, the first break in the solid-looking wall of Soviet satellites. In China, the year brought the civil war to a head and the Chiang Kai-shek government to its knees.

If the cold war in Europe reached a climax, historians may well fix 1948 as the year the Russian tide began to recede, for this was the year the American Congress appropriated more than $6,000,000,000 to put the Continent on its feet, economically, and so keep it from turning eastward out of sheer desperation. It is noteworthy that for all the tension involved in the blockade of Berlin, no incident was allowed to touch off a war that neither side wanted to fight.

At home, the long-predicted depression not only failed to materialize but seemed farther away in December, and more avoidable, than it had in January. Signs pointed to a recession in prices and another year of high, if not full, employment. On the credit side in the eternal fight for civil liberties, the outrageous Mundt-Nixon bill failed to pass even in the reactionary Eightieth Congress, and at year's end both Representatives Mundt and Nixon were admitting that their Un-American Activities Committee, whose chairman was under indictment for fraud, was in need of having its mouth washed.

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But by far the most invigorating event of the American year was the New Deal's fifth straight triumph at the polls. Regardless of what he may do with the mandate, the voters elected Harry S. Truman on the most progressive platform ever carried to the people by a major party candidate. His victory, in the face of overwhelming odds, was perhaps the most spontaneous display of democratic power since frontiersmen wiped their boots on the White House rugs in celebration of Andy Jackson's triumph. And the victory was reinforced many times over by the smashing repudiation of what Truman had condemned as the "reactionary, do-nothing Eightieth Congress."

It would appear, on balance, that while 1948 leaves much to hope for from 1949, it leaves more to work for. Even if the cold war relaxes its grip on Europe, there will be little gained if its emphasis is merely transferred to Asia. The U. N., weakened by its failures of the last twelve months, will have to be enormously strengthened before anyone can talk realistically of world government. And the pressures from the right that forced Mr. Truman's hand so often in the past can make a mockery of his election if they are not countered by even stronger pressures from the left. A Happy New Year, in short, is distinctly possible—but it is not to be had merely for the asking.

The Shape of Things

THE BATTLE TO LIBERALIZE THE PROCEDURE of the House Rules Committee has been won by the Administration. This far-reaching change prevents the committee from arbitrarily blocking legislation. As we go to press, the fate of the civil-rights program has yet to be decided. Reform here depends on revision of the Senate's rules of debate that presently permit a single Senator to negate the will of all his colleagues. The Democratic Party leaders will have to decide whether to make the Dixiecrats come crawling or to do the crawling themselves lest the Southerners abandon them and join hands with the Republicans. At the moment, there is less ground for optimism on this score than existed a month ago. Representative Rayburn, all but certain to be speaker, appears to be in a forgiving mood. He knows of no plan to discipline the states-rights' legislators, except perhaps through curtailment of patronage. No one any longer takes seriously the thought of ending the fatuous seniority system, which gives the Southerners their dangerously disproportional power. There appears to be a chance that the Senate will curb its free talkers, however, and much may be done for a time by the dubious device of stacking the major committees. The hope is that this makeshift will clear the way for President Truman's immediate program, and that once

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that is out of the way, the Southerners can be tackled without jeopardy to urgently needed legislation. By next week, full details on these questions should be available, and will be reported by Robert Bendiner.

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IF THE DUTCH ARE ALLOWED ENOUGH TIME to carry out their plans, they may succeed in making aggression look like quite a gentlemanly performance. When the Security Council asked the Netherlands government for an immediate cease-fire, Prime Minister Willem Drees replied mildly that there was no hurry and that he had better be allowed to make his contemplated visit to Indonesia before anything was done. In the meantime, Dutch troops will have completed their occupation of the country. Then, when the independent Indonesian Republic has been destroyed, hostilities can cease, the imprisoned Indonesian leaders will be released, and the Dutch government will report to the Security Council that all is quiet again. By this original method of maintaining excellent relations with the U. N. while conducting hostilities, the technique of aggression is much improved. All depends on speed. The behavior of the Netherlands government is the more intolerable because the Dutch delegates to the U. N. declared repeatedly that for them there was no more binding law than its decisions. Only Russia can benefit from the events in Indonesia, for while the original position taken by Mr. Malik in the Security Council was not much better than that of the Western powers, Moscow now realizes its blunder and again appears as the defender of the colonial peoples. When the Security Council meets next week at Lake Success, it must try to repair the damage done to its prestige by its faltering action in Paris. Like the Dutch government of nine years ago, the Republic of Indonesia has a right to the protection of international law against an act of aggression. . . . Americans who want to participate in the campaign for a free Indonesia can make their protests heard at the India League of America's emergency meeting for Indonesia, to be held next Monday evening, January 10, at the Roosevelt Auditorium, Fourth Avenue and Thirteenth Street, in New York City. Among the speakers will be Clark Eichelberger of the American Association for the United Nations, Roy Wilkins of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, and Dr. Soemitro Djojohadikoesimo, the Republic of Indonesia's financial representative to the United States.

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ALTHOUGH THE ACTIONS OF THE DUTCH IN Indonesia and of the Israelis in the Negev could by the oversimplification of background facts be thrown into the same bag, any dispassionate analysis of the two situations discloses their fundamental differences. To understand the situation in Israel, one must consider not only the most recent resolution of the Security Council calling for a cease-fire but all the resolutions of the past year and the history of the entire problem since the Assembly started debate on the Bernadotte plan. If it is true that the resolution of November 4, standing by itself, puts Israel in a difficult and controversial position, it is no less true that this resolution was superseded, in effect, both by the resolution of November 16—calling for an armistice—and by the General Assembly's resolution of December 11 looking to a permanent peace settlement and naming a Conciliation Commission to bring this about by negotiations between the parties. Reports from Tel Aviv published during the past week-end agree that the Israelis would be quite happy if the cease-fire order should lead to armistice talks with the Egyptians. At the same time, the dispatches indicate the Israelis' determination not to allow themselves to be trapped by another doubtful truce with an invading army camped within their borders. In Indonesia, by contrast, there was certainly no army menacing the security of the Netherlands. The fighting in the Negev, much as we deplore it, is the direct result of the refusal of Egypt to enter into negotiations; paradoxical though it may sound, when Israel attacked, it was seeking to achieve peace. The current hostilities could have been avoided if the United States had actively opposed the last attempt to revise the Bernadotte plan instead of meekly abstaining from voting. Those who try to ignore the lesson underlying the present tangled situation by reducing the problem to a demand that the Israelis withdraw from the Negev must realize that their retreat would actually present the area to the Egyptians and the Arab leaders, for there is no United Nations force to hold the territory in escrow pending a decision. Such action would finally destroy the partition plan of November 29, which assigned the Negev to Israel and rewarded the Arabs for their continuing assault on peace.

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A BASIC FUNCTION OF PSYCHOLOGICAL WAR is to encourage, and if necessary to create, cleavages in the ranks of your opponent. It must have been this purpose, deliberate or spontaneous, that moved President Truman last week to suggest that there are "certain leaders" in the Soviet government who "are exceedingly anxious to have an understanding with us." It would be nice to know, of course, whether the President spoke out of knowledge or merely out of hope, but in either case, his remark, accompanied by the assurance that "all we want is peace," was good propaganda, in the best sense of that abused term. Nor can the President be blamed, in this case, for the casual way in which he tossed off his comment in the course of a testimonial dinner to Edward Jacobson, once his partner in the hab-

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erdashery business. The fact is that such a view could not have been expressed at all through the more formal channels of diplomacy. The question remains, of course, as to what concrete good can come of the episode, already referred to, we understand, as "the Eddie Jacobson démarche." One possible answer is suggested by an earlier remark, made by Mr. Truman in the course of the recent campaign, to the effect that "Old Joe" was a "decent fellow but he's a prisoner of the Politburo." Coupling the two statements, one may conclude that Truman is attempting to give Stalin a powerful argument in a putative division between a conciliatory faction headed by himself and a group that favors the present truculent attitude toward the West. It may be argued, of course, that even where Communist tactics are conciliatory, Communist strategy is implacable, but in the present state of the world any relaxing of tensions is a gain—in time, if nothing else.

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WE HAVE GROWN USED TO THE REVELATION that Communist states not only refuse to wither away, as they are supposed to do according to Marxist law, but have a disquieting tendency to dig in and acquire ten times the power of the ordinary state. Now, along comes Marshal Tito with the charge that the Communist fatherland has been practicing against his own Communist state a policy that harks back to the crude colonialism of England under George III. The Russian leaders, he says, "want us to continue simply sowing our fields, and that in a very primitive way, and to extract raw materials for countries with well-developed industries." What is worse, he complains, all the people's democracies" of the East appear to be doing business on a strictly cutthroat basis, "every one seeking to sell as dearly as possible and buy as cheaply as possible." All of which leads the Yugoslav dictator to conclude that he may as well do business with the plutocrats of the West. The trade accord he signed with the British last week will at least assure his country of the crude oils, machinery, and chemicals that it needs if it is to do any industrializing on its own. So far, our own government has given Tito no encouragement, preferring to wait for overt signs of a friendlier political attitude. In view of the traditional Marxist linking of economics and politics, it is not far-fetched to imagine that such signs will in time appear. It will be a nice bit of irony if the "Marxist" grip on Eastern Europe is broken by economic determinism.

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WE CANNOT GET VERY EXCITED OVER THE question of whether the Taft-Hartley act is replaced in one step or two, as though that were a matter of principle. In general, Administration leaders favor amending the Wagner act at the same time that the Taft-Hartley law is repealed. The C. I. O., the A. F. of L., and most individual labor leaders insist on immediate repeal and reinstatement of the Wagner act, and only then a consideration of amendments. We believe there is good faith on both sides of the matter, and that the end-result would be the same either way, but since a choice must be made, we prefer the approach of the trade unionists simply because repeal of the present inequitable law is urgently needed, while amending the Wagner act calls for deliberation. It would do no harm, however, if other labor leaders were to follow the lead set by David Dubinsky in suggesting right now that they are not set against any possible modification of the New Deal labor law. Among other changes, Mr. Dubinsky would provide for settling disputes in vital industries through procedures similar to those laid down in the Railway Labor Act; he would have a federal board handle jurisdictional squabbles; he would ban "unjustifiable" secondary boycotts; and he would require non-Communist affidavits—also non-fascist—not only from top labor officials but from all paid union officers and employers as well. The first of these proposals would seem to us to call for considerable study; the second and third seem eminently sensible; and the fourth, inasmuch as the groups affected have a perfectly legal status, a plain denial of equal treatment under the law. The importance of Mr. Dubinsky's statement, however, is not in the measures he proposes but in its statesman-like admission that labor, like any other group in the nation, is not beyond restraint in the public welfare.

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DESPITE THE FREQUENTLY PERSUASIVE rationalizations of the go-slow or we-can-do-it-best-alone school of liberal Southerners, the best way to end discrimination against the Negro is, usually, simply to outlaw it. Had the necessary job of reform at Washington's National Airport been left to the Hodding Carters, the "white" and "colored" signs over the doors of the dining-rooms and washrooms there might have remained with us for years, as a particularly enlightening welcome to America for visitors from abroad. Now, however, the signs will come down, for the Civil Aeronautics Administration, spurred by the report of the National Committee on Segregation in the Nation's Capital (see last week's issue of *The Nation*), has ruled that institutionalized bigotry at the airport must end. The order, it is true, will not go into effect until the concessionaire at the airport is defeated in his attempt to hide under the segregation laws of the state of Virginia, in which the airport is located. But the CAA ruling was cleared in advance with the Department of Justice, and we have every confidence that the courts will place the Constitution and the national interest above the legalisms of racists.

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IT IS HARD TO AVOID THE IMPRESSION THAT the near-tragedy that overtook Sumner Welles had its origin in the reckless conduct of the House Un-American Activities Committee. Mr. Welles, who had been in an extremely agitated state for many hours before he was found lying unconscious and nearly frozen in a field near his house, was known to have been deeply affected by the death of Laurence Duggan and the scandalous efforts of Representative Mundt to link Duggan with the Chambers spy ring. While we have not always agreed with his views, we share with a great many Americans an enormous respect for Sumner Welles, a man whose abilities have too long been divorced from the service of the government. He has our warmest wishes for a swift recovery and many years of fruitful work.

Plan for the Ruhr

THE six-power draft agreement for the establishment of an international authority for the Ruhr does not provide a complete solution for the knotty problem of German heavy industry, but it is a move in the right direction. In the first place, it transfers control of the Ruhr from American and British hands to a broader body which is to include Germans. Secondly, it does a good deal to alleviate the legitimate fears of the French that the Ruhr, through the influence of the American private enterprisers, would be effectively handed back to its old nationalist owners and become once again a military power-house. Thirdly, the agreement recognizes the strong political and economic interests of the Benelux countries in this great industrial area which lies just beyond their back doors.

The stated purpose of the new authority is to insure that the resources of the Ruhr shall be used solely for peace and in conformity with plans for Western European economic cooperation. Its functions will include: (a) allocation of coal, coke, and steel between German consumption and the export trade in accordance with existing international agreements; (b) prevention of discriminatory prices, transport charges, quotas, and so forth of a kind that would make for restricted or unfair competition; (c) the protection of foreign interests; (d) supervision over management and control of production, investment, and development policies. This will prevent excessive concentration of ownership and exclude high-ranking Nazis from ownership or management.

Seven nations are to be represented on the authority. The United States, Britain, France, and Germany will have three votes each, with the German votes exercised by the occupation authorities until such time as a German government is established and accedes to the agreement. Belgium, the Netherlands, and Luxembourg are to have one vote each. Decisions on most questions are to be by simple majority, though on a few issues twelve votes out of the fifteen will be required for action. This means that no one member nation will be in a position to exercise a veto.

Not surprisingly, German reactions to this plan have been unfavorable. The Communist press of the Russian zone is denouncing it as "the rape of western Germany" and a plot of "American monopoly capitalism" to seize control of the Ruhr. Such standard abuse need not be taken too seriously, but unless steps are taken to meet the objections of more reasonable and democratic Germans, the Communists may be able to rally a good deal of support from the general public.

The fact is that the Ruhr-authority plan, while excellent on paper, will not become a really effective instrument unless it can gain German cooperation. As long as western Germany is occupied, a certain outward compliance may be obtained, but it will be impossible to prevent a lot of quiet sabotage of the authority's directives. When the occupation ends, and the Western Allies are no longer in a position to apply direct sanctions, the authority will almost certainly be reduced to impotence. For as Ernst Reuter, mayor of western Berlin, has complained, the "vague and general terms" of the scheme create the possibility of perpetual interference with all the activities of future German governments.

Permanent control of the Ruhr is of course morally justified by the fact that the area has provided the sinews of the two most terrible wars in history. But the imposition of an external control on the Germans' chief economic center must appear from their point of view an effort to enforce permanent punishment. While it continues, German sovereignty will be restricted, and the prime objective of any German government will be to secure its removal.

The new Ruhr plan, therefore, is still no more than a stop-gap. It does not really provide a means by which the resources of the Ruhr can be fully exploited for the general economic benefit of Europe or assure that these resources will never again be used to promote aggression. If these two joint objectives are to be achieved, the penal character of the present plan must eventually be modified.

The right way to do this is to extend the principle of international control to all the coal, iron, and steel resources of Western Europe. That, in any case, is an essential step if the kind of economic integration which the Marshall Plan is intended to foster is to become a reality. To a certain extent, the Office of European Economic Cooperation does already provide for allocation of coal and steel among the sixteen nations. But the effective development and distribution of these key materials require a permanent organization with greater

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powers and an opportunity to conceive and act upon long-range plans. Broadened into the ultimate planning authority for the coal and steel industries for Britain, France, Belgium, and the Netherlands, as well as western Germany, the proposed Ruhr organization could become both a safeguard of peace and a prime instrument for international cooperation.

Puerto Rico's Triumph

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

San Juan, January 2, by Radio

FORMALLY, it was the inauguration of a governor; in every other sense, it was the inauguration of a president. The whole occasion was a demonstration of Puerto Rican pride and essential independence. As the Island's first elected Governor, Luis Muñoz Marin is a living sign that it is no longer administered from Washington; as leader of the Popular Democratic Party, he speaks for the *jibaro* (peasant) and the worker. The double symbolism is important, for the new governor has himself rejected formal independence as unrealistic and against Puerto Rico's economic interest; yet national feeling is rooted deep in the people, and many who voted for him will accept the present political status just as long as they believe in him. For Muñoz Marin is himself a symbol: son and grandson of Puerto Rican patriots, he is followed and trusted by the masses and respected by those who oppose him politically.

One night almost exactly nine years ago, I went to a hill village on the north shore of the island where Muñoz was holding a meeting. A hundred or so country people were crowded around the car from which he spoke; kerosene flares threw a little light on their faces and his. He talked about the people's day-to-day problems and especially about what happened to the votes they sold for a dollar or two apiece to the agents of the old parties. The people listened like believing children. And they gave their votes to the *Populares* and Muñoz —for no price. It was the start of the movement that has culminated in today's inauguration.

In the years between, Muñoz and his party have accomplished a good deal. Distribution of land, cooperatives, social security, public health, public works, and industrialization form the basis of the party's program. Living standards have improved measurably, though they are still miserable by "stateside" standards. (Before social-welfare measures can have much effect, birth control will have to be added to the government's program.) But the greatest and most important change that has come to the island in the past eight years is the birth of a feeling of political power among the workers and peasants.

At this moment, Muñoz Marin holds a clear mandate from an awakened people. He is their man and their hero. They put him in and look to him to make visible and palpable the promise of a decent life. The challenge is terrific, for the people will not be inclined to accept the political makeshifts they have long taken for granted. A hero can fall faster and harder than an ordinary politician, especially in Latin America.

The inauguration and all the celebrations and ceremonies of the past three days have been more than a show put on by the authorities to impress the public. They have had the air of a popular demonstration, something genuinely democratic. Today, even the United States army contingents rumbling or marching past the inaugural stand were assimilated into the fiesta atmosphere. The huge crowd, varicolored in clothing and skin, overflowed the police lines and several times almost swamped the parade, but the police were gentle and good-natured as is usual on such occasions in Latin countries. Floats representing island projects or towns or organizations, especially those decorated with good-looking girls, drew great applause. A little boy carried a placard proclaiming, "The people of Isabela [his town] expect great things from the Governor." Another, "Peñuelas expects a better Puerto Rico." Toward the end of the parade, a band passed playing "La Borinqueña," and the crowd around me stood up. A well-dressed woman in the row in front turned and said, "You know why we stand. It is our national anthem." Below the edge of the grandstand, under a tree, a covered jeep commanded a complete view of the parade, reviewing stand, celebrities, and all. In it sat two old ladies, obviously of the people, very erect and prim. "Who were they?" The pretty usheress leaned over the edge and asked a Puerto Rican soldier lounging by the jeep. He raised hands and shoulders in a gesture of *Quien sabe* and replied, "Just two old ladies in the crowd who looked as if they needed a better view and a seat in the shade." Perhaps this could be taken as symbolic both of today's celebration and of Puerto Rico's new deal under Muñoz Marin.

THE Governor's speech was interesting—and his own; no ghost touches his scripts. I hope the press at home carries it at length. It was perhaps too philosophical for the crowd he spoke to, but it was an obvious attempt to rationalize and justify his belief that complete independence is not essential to the democratic development of the island. He ruled out both colonialism and nationalism as obsolete concepts and called for a brotherhood of peoples based on social justice. His speech put intellectual content into the slogan carried across his journal's front page this morning: *"Se cumple la voluntad del pueblo"* (The will of the people has been accomplished). It also gave due credit to the United States for its share in that accomplishment. For one thing must be said in behalf of a federal government which cannot

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boast great success in solving the problems of an impoverished, overcrowded island dependency: the administration has given Puerto Rico a chance to plan and carry out its own salvation. Today's inauguration represents a measure of justice enacted in Washington as well as an act of self-determination on the part of this people.

Chiang Under Fire

BY ANDREW ROTH

Nanking, January 3, by Radio

THE Chiang regime today is struggling desperately to survive. The battered Kuomintang is pushed in four directions—toward continued resistance, negotiations through foreign powers, direct negotiations with the Communists, and flight.

Nanking has been covered with a fog of rumors produced by feverish consultations and acrid disagreements, but general trends loom clearly. The stubborn Chiang is virtually the only man in Nanking who has stood out for continued resistance. Although others talk pugnaciously, they recognize the utter hopelessness of the military situation. In central China, guarding the northern approaches and flanks of Nanking, the Kuomintang has less than 200,000 troops—many of them of second-rate quality—to do battle against upward of 450,000 victorious Communists. Informed military sources declare that the Communists, who have been regrouping and reorganizing during the past two weeks, are ready to start another offensive which can reach the Yangtze in two weeks. In another two weeks they can probably cross the river and surround the capital.

Chen Li-fu, head of the "C. C. clique," and other leaders of the right wing of the Kuomintang have been trying to get foreign diplomats to mediate between the Kuomintang and the Communists, going so far as to plant phony news stories about an unnamed foreign embassy which had suggested mediation by the Big Four—the United States, Russia, Britain, and France. Chen Li-fu hopes that foreign mediation could stall off victory by the Communist forces for at least a year, during which time the Kuomintang could consolidate its hold on southern China. He also makes clear his hope that World War III will come soon and rescue the Kuomintang as an anti-Soviet ally. However, none of the foreign powers are willing to serve as a protective screen for a beaten Kuomintang, and Chen Li-fu's once-dominant political machine is rapidly disintegrating. High on the list of Kuomintang "war criminals" broadcast by the Communists, Chen Li-fu is after Chiang Kai-shek the man they hate most. Vice-President Li Tsung-jen's group, now in the ascendancy, favors ditching the Generalissimo and opening direct political negotiations with the Communists. These men hope that by negotiating they will obtain at least a junior partnership in a coalition government, which may enable them to slow down China's leftward swing and thus conserve a base for an eventual attempt at a comeback. They would not, of course, spurn foreign help in negotiating with the Communists. Some of them still cling to the hope that the Communists will agree to a division of the country, with the Kuomintang allowed to continue in power in southern China.

To prepare for the initiation of direct negotiations this group has been greasing the skids for the Generalissimo, who remains opposed to parleys. They have told him that if he resigns they will be able to work within a coalition, and then when the time is ripe for counter-revolution they will call him back. On December 27 it was reliably reported that they had convinced him he should step down, and on December 28 they began to draft his departure message and launched peace feelers. At the last moment, however, Chiang balked under the pressure of the diehards, who argued that if he hung on he would eventually receive American aid. The "Gimo" gave as the excuse for changing his mind the Communist black list broadcast two days before, which included not only himself and his wife and several other violent anti-Communists but also Li Tsung-jen, Premier Sun Fo, and others who had been less extreme in their opposition. "How can you deal with people like that?" Chiang is reported to have exploded. His refusal to budge is a formidable obstacle, for constitutionally and realistically power is in his hands. He is an obstinate man with a tremendous sense of his mission to "save China"; at the same time he is completely unpredictable.

In order to convince the "Gimo" that his resignation was necessary, the principal surviving military commanders and war lords were urged to hasten to Nanking for consultations. Yen Hsi-shan of besieged Taiyuan, Lu Han of Yunnan, and other generals who have been dickering on their own naturally prefer a political deal with the Communists by which they may be able to retain a certain amount of power to continued fighting in which they are certain to lose all. General Fu Tso-yi, the Kuomintang's North China commander now surrounded in Peiping and Tientsin, has declined to come. It is believed that he has already made his own arrangements with the Communists.

The "Gimo's" New Year's message, which he kept revising until late in the afternoon of December 31, mirrored his desire to remain in power by yoking together all the divergent views in the Kuomintang camp.

ANDREW ROTH is The Nation's *correspondent in the Far East. He has just reached China; an earlier dispatch of his from Indo-China will be found on page 43.*

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He indicated the strength of the pressure on him to resign by saying that he would be willing to do so if the Communists agreed to a peaceful settlement of the civil war. But he inserted conditions for peace talks to which the Communists could hardly consent. For example, he asked that the present constitution, which is attacked by both non-Communist democrats and Communists, and the Kuomintang armies be preserved intact. Of course this was merely a bargaining point, but some members of the "talk peace now" group feel that Chiang's immediate resignation with less stringent conditions would be more helpful. With every passing day the Kuomintang's bargaining power crumbles and that of the Communists increases.

The Communists' own New Year's message was not encouraging: it warned against accepting "a peace advocated by the Kuomintang and America to save the remnants of imperialism and to prevent the extinction of feudalism and bureaucracy."

A creeping paralysis seems to have attacked the Nanking city administration. The power and water systems are faltering, and coal for heating is very scarce. Some government departments are packed but are still uncertain whether they are going to move—and where.

Always raw and harsh, Nanking is now taking on the aspect of a deserted city. Many of its prominent inhabitants, as well as its distinguished first lady, Mme Chiang Kai-shek, have found various excuses for departure. About a third of the people have fled, and in the better residential districts this figure goes up as high as 70 per cent. Luggage merchants are the only ones doing much business.

Virtually every foreigner in Nanking has been invited by Kuomintang stalwarts to move into their houses. One Kuomintang general is buttonholing foreign correspondents and offering them his several houses rent free if they will live there and protect his property after he has gone to sunnier climes.

The Unresolved Marzani Case

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, December 30

UNDER ordinary circumstances it is waste motion for the United States Supreme Court to grant a rehearing. The circumstances in the case of Carl Marzani are far from ordinary. This test prosecution of an obscure ex-government employee casts a lengthening shadow over past and future loyalty purges. The Supreme Court split four to four after hearing the appeal and announced on December 20, without opinion, that the ruling of the lower court had been affirmed. Affirmance flowed from the arbitrary rule that when the Supreme Court is evenly divided, the benefit of the doubt is given the court below rather than the appellant. The rule might more equitably work the other way. One dissenter on a jury is enough to block a conviction; an evenly divided court in criminal cases would seem quite as amply to indicate reasonable doubt.

The argument for rehearing in the Marzani case rests on circumstances which make one wonder whether the tie might not be resolved. In the first place, there would have been no tie had Justice Douglas taken part. For reasons unstated Douglas left the bench when argument in the Marzani case began. There are no obvious reasons why Douglas should not have participated; he was connected neither with the Justice Department nor with the State Department. Had he known the court would split evenly, perhaps he would have acted otherwise.

One of the justices who did participate in the decision was out of town on a speaking engagement when the Marzani case was argued. Had Justice Jackson declined to vote on the ground that he had not heard the oral argument, the vote would have been four to three. Perhaps in view of the issues left unresolved by the tie, Justice Jackson might be disposed to grant a rehearing. Certainly if he were sitting alone in a case, he would not think of making a decision without hearing argument.

In another case decided that same day Justice Jackson had previously taken unusual steps to resolve a tie vote in the court. In an opinion admitting grave doubts as to the propriety of his course Justice Jackson had intervened to cast the vote which finally enabled the court to hear argument on its jurisdiction in the war-crimes cases. Justice Jackson, as a participant in the Nazi trials at Nürnberg, expressed some qualms about his intervention in an appeal from the similar trials at Tokyo. He hoped that by voting to hear argument from counsel for Hirota and Doihara he might convince a clear majority of his fellow-justices that the United States Supreme Court had no jurisdiction over the international war tribunals. The somewhat irregular maneuver was successful. The justice who broke the tie in the Japanese cases was the justice who created the tie in the Marzani case.

No irregularity would be required to grant a rehearing in the Marzani case. There are compelling reasons

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for an effort to bring about a clear decision. To let the Marzani decision stand by a tie vote is to leave unresolved the contradiction between two United States Circuit Court decisions which laid down opposite interpretations of the law the Marzani case was intended to test. The question concerns a provision of the 1944 War Contracts Settlement Act suspending the statute of limitations until three years after conclusion of the war in fraud cases. The question is whether this applies only to war contracts and similar matters in which the government was defrauded financially or can be extended to any misstatement made in dealing with the federal government where there was no financial loss, as in the Marzani case.

THE Department of Justice contends that the statute can be so extended. If this contention is correct, wartime loyalty dossiers can be dusted off, and former or present government employees made to run the gauntlet of trial in a time of hysteria. They can be prosecuted for misstatement in cases where the statute of limitations has already barred prosecution for perjury. The fact that an employee had already been cleared in a loyalty inquiry would be no defense—Marzani was cleared in 1943 of the same charges on which he was convicted in 1947. The double-jeopardy doctrine does not protect survivors of the loyalty purge; their legal rights are in inverse ratio to their ordeal.

This, as indicated, is of wider concern. On the law as laid down in one Circuit Court decision in New York, in an OPA case (*U. S.* v. *Gottfried,* 165 Fed. 2d 360), the statute of limitations can be suspended to permit prosecution of any citizen who made a misstatement in dealing with a federal agency during the war, even though that misstatement did not defraud the government. The main question left unresolved by the vote in the Marzani case is whether this is a correct interpretation or whether the 1944 statute is to be read—as originally supposed—as a measure extending the time in which the government might prosecute frauds uncovered in the lengthy task of settling its war contracts.

The Marzani case was only a partial victory for the government. Marzani was indicted in January, 1947, several months after leaving government service, on eleven counts. These all revolved around the accusation that he had been a Communist Party organizer under the name of Tony Whales in the Sixth Assembly District on the East Side of New York in 1940 and 1941. The first nine counts of his indictment alleged that he had falsely denied these activities in the original investigation by the FBI and the Civil Service Commission in 1942 and 1943. The last two counts alleged that he had falsely denied them in a conversation with a State Department official when he was being reinvestigated by that department in 1946. Marzani was convicted on all eleven counts, but on appeal the Circuit Court ruled out the first nine counts, holding that these earlier statements could not be prosecuted under the War Contracts Settlement Act. Thus on this crucial point the Marzani case says one thing, the Gottfried case another.

There is a second question of wide import left unanswered by the Marzani tie. The nine counts thrown out by the Circuit Court were based on sworn statements made in earlier FBI and Civil Service Commission proceedings; these, but for the statute of limitations, might have been the basis of perjury indictments. The two counts on which conviction—and the sentence of one to three years in jail—was upheld were based on oral unsworn statements made in an informal talk between Marzani and an official of the State Department. There was no hearing, notice, transcript, or witness. The President's loyalty program, inadequate as it is, does give federal employees some semblance of a hearing. By the Circuit Court decision in the Marzani case as it stands, a precedent is established which can be used to circumvent even the tenuous safeguards of the President's loyalty program. Employees may find themselves facing serious criminal charges under the False Claims Act for statements made unguardedly or unwittingly outside formal loyalty-purge procedures. This adds an additional hazard to employment by the federal government.

There are other points on which the court, but for one vote more or less either way, might have spoken. The first nine counts of the indictment can soberly be described as lurid. They accused Marzani of urging members of the party "to sow resentment and discontent among Negroes," to take steps for "the disintegration of the morale of the military forces of the United States," and to recruit men from the army "to the end that the Communist Party might gain control thereof and thus bring about a revolt against the capitalist system." He was accused of having advocated revolution "now" and of having made other statements which would mark this honor student at Williams and Oxford as a first-class political idiot. The defense contended that if the trial court had dismissed these first nine counts as—in the light of the Circuit Court decision—it should have done, much of this inflammatory material would never have reached the jury.

PERHAPS the strangest thing about this strange case is the jury which tried it. In a case decided the same day as Marzani's a dissenting minority of four justices had some harsh comment to make on District of Columbia juries. The dissent was in a narcotics conviction appealed on the ground that a District jury made up entirely of federal employees in the trial of a federal offense was not the "impartial" jury guaranteed by the Sixth Amendment. Justice Jackson said for himself, Frankfurter, Douglas, and Murphy that in the District

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of Columbia "a system is in operation which has produced and is likely again to produce what disinterested persons are likely to regard as a packed jury." The words might seem to apply, justly or unjustly, to the Marzani case as well.

This is a Jim Crow town. There are often one or two, sometimes three, Negroes on District juries. But of the first twelve jurors to file into the box when the Marzani trial opened, eight were Negroes, and the jury as finally chosen had nine Negroes, something unheard of in the history of the District. It turned out that of the many persons questioned by the grand jury in the Marzani inquiry, the government brought forward only three as witnesses against him—a confessed perjurer, an ex-Communist, and a New York police spy, all three Negroes. The unusual number of Negroes on the jury panel assigned that court may well have been sheer coincidence, but the reputation of the courts cannot afford coincidences of this kind. Both sides may have hoped to gain by this unusual jury. The rather unsavory witnesses on which the prosecution depended might have fared badly before the kind of white man's jury common in this Southern town. The defense may have hoped the jury might prove sympathetic, since Marzani had worked on Negro causes before coming to Washington. The defense complained in its appeal, however, that the judge did not treat this nine-Negro jury as any ordinary representative jury but curtailed or excluded certain matters of evidence and lines of cross-examination lest they prejudice Negro jurors.

Complaint centered chiefly on the limitations placed by the trial court on the cross-examination of the police spy, Drew. Had his credibility been destroyed, the whole case would have collapsed. One of his tasks was to spy on the National Negro Congress, but when he found no branch on the East Side he proceeded to organize one so he might draw other Negroes into "subversive" activities on which he could then report. The defense complained that "if the proposed cross-examination had been allowed to show the full extent of Drew's activities as an agent provocateur . . . the jury would have had sufficient warrant . . . for not believing his entire testimony."

One of the puzzles left unsolved in this case is why Marzani was cleared in the earlier investigations, though Drew's undercover reports were available at the time. A reasonable inference is that the FBI and the Civil Service Commission did not find these reports credible. The court would not allow the defense to test this inference by subpoenaing the underlying records of the earlier investigations.

The Marzani prosecution was initiated to appease Congressional critics of the State and Justice departments. Marzani had already resigned when it was begun. His services in the government were attested by sources as high as General McNarney. His trial was marked by the conspicuous absence of any attempt by the prosecution to allege that Marzani had been remiss in his duties, or did not deserve his honorable discharge for the period he served in uniform.

OLD LOW'S ALMANACK— PROPHECIES FOR 1949
The Only sure rampart against Communism is RIGHT REACTION
Franco
The Anglo-U.S. league of Political Hasbeens, flushed with their success in China and Greece, dig the Last of the Romanoffs out of Hollywood To be groomed as the rightful Russian Government-in-exile.
LOW

London *Evening Standard*

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Cardinal Mindszenty's Arrest

BY RUTH KARPF

THE arrest of Josef Cardinal Mindszenty starts round three of the political battle between church and state in post-war Hungary. In round one, which took place in 1945 immediately after the war, the long-overdue Hungarian land reform was fought tooth and nail by the Catholic church under the leadership of Cardinal Mindszenty. The reform provided that all estates of more than 150 acres should be divided among Hungary's three million agricultural workers, who until then had lived in feudal serfdom. The Catholic church was the largest landowner in Hungary. In round two, which was fought in the summer of 1948, the issue was the control of Hungary's public schools. The Cardinal lost that round on June 15, when the Hungarian Parliament, by a vote of 293 to 63 with 71 abstentions and absences, decreed that "all non-state schools, student homes, and nurseries, with the exception only of schools specifically dedicated to religious instruction, theological seminaries, and certain institutions of the Protestant Diacenese, [should] be taken over by the state." The Catholic church had controlled and run 63 per cent of the country's schools. Round two was crucial, and both the Cardinal and the government threw into it all their resources. Round three was then inevitable. The arrest of Mindszenty is but one expression of the state's determination to clamp down on politically active Catholic priests.

Sewny

Cardinal Mindszenty

I saw the Cardinal at the very height of the feeling over the school question last June. Though he had refused for six months to grant an interview to foreign correspondents, he consented to talk to Leo Muray of the Manchester *Guardian* and myself. We went to see him at Esztergom, the seat of Hungary's primates and traditionally the country's "second capital," on the day after Parliament had passed the school law. His first statement to us was: "You understand of course that the church never can and never will give up the natural right of parents to educate the youth for God." He paused for a minute, then made fists of his very expressive hands with the gigantic ring of the Cardinal on the right, and said, "What I mean is that we will fight this law with every weapon at our disposal!"

In July the Cardinal ordered all Catholic religious schools closed; in August he forbade ordained teachers to continue their work in public schools; in September he officially threatened with excommunication any Catholic who either in the press or in public criticized him personally or any aspect of his policies. This was after the popular Catholic daily, *Magyar Nemzet*, had charged that "through this terrible inflexibility of his over the school issue he not only infringes upon the rights of Catholic parents but injures even the fundamental interest of the church; his stand threatens the monastic orders at the very root of their existence."

From the moment the church-state battle was joined, the Cardinal made use of the deep religiousness of the Hungarian people and the emotional appeal that freedom of religion has for all fair-minded people to further a cause which everyone in Hungary knew to be purely political. In talking with us he spent no more than five minutes on purely religious issues; the rest of the two-hour interview was devoted to straight politics.

He hardly bothered to hide the fact that he had entered the battle over the schools and intended to keep on fighting it primarily for political reasons. In smooth, sonorous tones and with heavily dramatic gestures he told us that in an exchange of letters between him and the government he had laid down the terms on which he was prepared to "negotiate." They had nothing to do with freedom of worship. A daily paper for the church was one of them. Immediate compensation for church holdings that had been given to agricultural workers was another. Government withdrawal of the school bill was a third. Of course the government refused to consider any of these conditions, and undoubtedly the Cardinal knew that it would refuse, for he is an old hand at politics. It was he who negotiated with Horthy the Concordat which gave the Catholic church in Hungary powers and privileges of exactly the same kind as those the church enjoys today in Franco Spain.

The Cardinal's trump card in his struggle with the government was a Vatican broadcast to Hungary at the end of May, when the school question was reaching a crisis. In a radio address that was repeated from every Catholic pulpit in the country, the Pope commended the Hungarian people for their "faith, piety, and Christian steadfastness, all the more conspicuous now that the ene-

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mies of the name and majesty of God are craftily laying traps for them." Urging all Catholics "to persevere to the end in communion with the church and obedience to their pastors," the Pope's message was in effect a call to rebellion against the government on the school issue. That call to rebellion, rather than any more specific charge of treason, plotting, or espionage which the Hungarian courts may produce, is in my opinion the reason for the Cardinal's arrest.

CARDINAL MINDSZENTY is the kind of man who would not play for small stakes. Everything about him suggests the grandeur of the Middle Ages: his heavily emphasized gestures, the fanatical flash of his eyes—peasants have been known to faint under it, and it really is the most compelling glance I have ever encountered—the somber splendor of his history-steeped palace, above all his air of never-to-be-disputed power to which people respond with a sort of hypnotized devotion. I am certain that at the high point of his trial he will thunder a resounding J'accuse at judges and jury, and that he will face his probable jail sentence in the best traditions of a martyr of the church, fifteenth-century style.

He has played the role of martyr of the church ever since his absolute authority over the lives and conduct of all Catholics received its first jolt in 1945. He has never recognized the Hungarian Republic. He told us at Esztergom that he considers the republic unconstitutional and that for him Hungary is still as it has been for the past thousand years, a monarchy. The land reform, he told us, was "anti-Christian." Darwin, in his view, "was a dangerous heretic who should have been burned at the stake." After the war he refused to change textbooks used in Catholic schools which describe the French Revolution as "that mob movement of the late eighteenth century in France which was designed primarily to rob the church of its lands." The trial of the Cardinal removes the church-state battle from the medieval level on which he chose to fight it.

A more realistic but equally ineffective war over religious issues has been waged for some time by the Democratic People's Party in Hungary, led by Deputy Barankovic. With its sixty-odd members, this party is practically the only opposition left in the Hungarian Parliament. When I talked with Barankovic last summer, he was hesitating over just what stand his party should take on the school bill. An honest, conscientious, middle-of-the-road liberal, he is in a difficult position in Hungary, where the powerful magnets of the two extremes leave people who would shun both in an insecure vacuum. The United States, in conformity with its futile post-war policy of teaming up with arch reaction in Communist-dominated countries, has never given him any encouragement. The solution which Barankovic finally favored and for which he spoke for an hour and a half in Parliament was to have parents vote on whether they wanted denominational schools or public ones. It seems a reasonable solution.

Barankovic's stand on all issues involving religion has consistently been moderate and fair. But moderation is not very effective in a country like Hungary, where church influence has been established so long and is so deeply ingrained. The measures he proposes would be fine for a state with democratic traditions, but in Hungary they are apt to amount to rubber stamping the status quo. He and other honest liberals, ground between the two millstones of a church which attacks them and a government which ignores and tolerates them only because they are politically impotent, must eventually be completely eliminated from the political scene.

THERE is, however, one Catholic in Hungary who is putting up a really effective fight for the basic principles of Christianity without ruining his case by medieval fanaticism or by opposition to a government which can no longer be defied within the framework of the law or parliamentary procedure. That man is Father Balog, an extremely clever and alert Catholic priest who has his own daily paper and his own satirical and very influential weekly. He is widely known and frequently depicted in cartoons as "Balog the Brake," because in the past he has managed, by negotiation, to tone down government measures and to slow up revolutionary moves.

His position in the controversy between church and state is that the Catholic church should negotiate with the government for whatever concessions it can get. He points to the results obtained in this way by the Protestant churches, which now have complete freedom both to worship and to evangelize. They also have been allowed to keep all their theological institutions and some of their schools and colleges, and in impoverished communities they even get financial aid from the government for the upkeep of their churches.

Father Balog believes that if the church handles the matter wisely, and stays out of politics, it can obtain religious freedom for its disciples and possibly even win minor political victories in the realm of religion. Rumor in Hungary has it—and Father Balog did not deny it when I spoke to him—that he was responsible for the government's agreement not only to permit religious instruction in public schools but actually to make it compulsory. Two hours of instruction a week are now required.

In assessing the future of Christianity in a Communist-led state like Hungary, Father Balog is completely pragmatic. He has no illusions about the final intentions of the government. He knows that basically the people who run Hungary today are, if not anti-Christian, certainly non-Christian, and will do their utmost to inculcate in youth a Marxist-materialist outlook on life. But

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Father Balog is convinced also that the future would be brighter if only Cardinal Mindszenty and others would stop making Christianity synonymous, in the mind of the people of Hungary, with reaction and the return to a feudal past they abhor. "I know," he says, "that the church has lived through more drastic challenges than this, and in the competition between Marx and the Bible as the basic, lasting moral guide for humanity I have little fear of what the outcome will be."

Father Balog, I feel, is right. The elimination from the political scene of Mindszenty and the Horthy-tainted Catholic hierarchy which he represents would no doubt weaken the political power of the church, and with it all organized opposition to the present government. But it would give Christianity in Hungary a chance to survive.

J. Parnell Thomas: Who Votes for Him?

BY McALISTER COLEMAN

"THAT joker will get away with it. He has too many pals in Washington who have been doing the same thing." Thus an ex-G. I., back in Bergen County, New Jersey, from a Middle Western college, commented on the coming trial of Representative J. Parnell Thomas for pay-roll padding and other un-American activities. Whatever the fate of Mr. Thomas in court or Congress, he has verified the opinion held by a large section of his constituency, young and old, that all politicians are flag-waving hypocrites seeking public office for private gain. Before any indictment was drawn up against the gentleman from the Seventh Congressional District of New Jersey, the mention of his name in literate circles in his weirdly gerrymandered bailiwick was the signal for skeptical laughter. Jokes were cracked about his changing his name from Feeny to Thomas and his insertion of Parnell to keep the Irish vote. His posturing under the klieg lights when he was browbeating witnesses dragged before him as chairman of the House Committee on Un-American Activities secretly amused those who knew him best and knew how little he was concerned with the machinations of what he calls "commoonism" and how vastly he was concerned with getting his name in the headlines.

Throughout Thomas's district, from Republican headquarters in politically minded Hackensack to the famous Flemington Courthouse in Hunterdon County, where Hauptman, the kidnapper of Lindbergh's baby was tried, even the staunchest Republican wheel horse shied away when the roly-poly, red-faced little realtor from the small town of Allendale appeared. As a veteran New Jersey newspaperman said to me the other day, "Parnell Thomas didn't and doesn't have a real friend in the Republican Party. He has always been a lone wolf campaigning on his own, policy making on his own, and, on his own, consulting the pay-roll possibilities. The pros could stand Parnell's yammering, but they were notoriously bleak about his habit of cornering the patronage. Privately everyone in his district, with the exception of his family, acknowledges that he is mean and brassy and bad-mannered. Privately people consider him dangerous. But publicly they elect him, again and again. A big-shot utility man who opened his house to Parnell in his last campaign for a campaign-fund pitch to other millionaires told me, 'Thomas is raising hell with the reds and that's all I need to know about him.' "

Thomas has been sent to Washington by thumping Republican majorities for seven successive terms. True, the charges made by Drew Pearson which resulted in his indictment during his last campaign cut down his usual 20,000 to 30,000 majority to 16,000 last November. The cut might have gone farther had not Thomas promised that after election he would appear before the federal grand jury which brought the indictment and prove his innocence. Instead, he refused to answer questions on the ground of self-incrimination and had his lawyer bring up the statute of limitations and perform other legal shenanigans. Now there is some muttering among the people who voted for him because they felt there was "politics" behind the indictment. Even those who went along with his preelection statement that "the hand of Stalin is in the Seventh Congressional District" now feel that Thomas let them down. Nevertheless, politicians tell you that nothing short of a political earthquake could have beaten Thomas in this incorrigibly Republican North Jersey sector, which gave Tom Dewey a 73,000 majority last fall.

Since Burke's time no one has ventured the indictment of any considerable mass of people, and certainly no blanket indictment can be drawn against the 200,000 American voters, God-fearing, hard-working citizens for the most part, who live in the neatly painted frame houses at the New Jersey end of the George Washington Bridge. Thomas's district comprises the sparsely populated counties of Hunterdon, Sussex, and Warren, where

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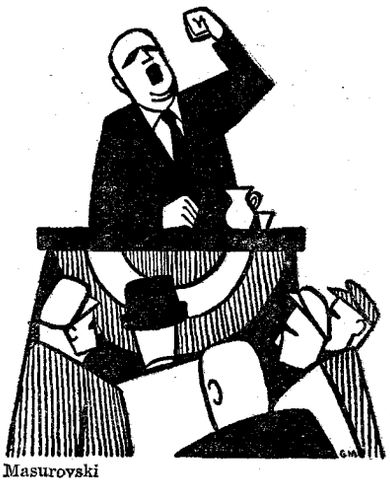
Masurovski

the owners of small farms and large country-houses are congenital Republicans, and some thirty municipalities of Bergen County, whence Thomas gets his man-sized majorities. It is Bergen County, an important part of New York's metropolitan area, a "satellite territory" if you will, that concerns us here. For despite his personal unpopularity Parnell Thomas evidently stands for the things Bergen County, and for that matter the replicas of Bergen the country over, stand for. In most matters, outside of his alleged pilfering of public moneys, he represents his district accurately. It is no pessimistic exaggeration to say that if Thomas never runs again, his successor will be his spittin' image—unless, of course, liberals, progressives, and democratic Socialists can somehow contrive that man-made earthquake the politicians were talking about. As it is, the machine Democrats in Bergen are sending a Macedonian call to adjacent Hudson County, begging the ineffable Frank Hague, whose withering shadow still darkens the Jersey political scene, to come over and organize them.

AS YOU drive along Route 4 from the heart-lifting leap of the great bridge into Bergen, you find yourself in an incredible wasteland of road signs, hot-dog stands, gasoline stations, and sprawling "outlet" stores. Though war veterans can find no housing to match their budgets, there is a flurry of building in Bergen which residents tell you proudly is unparalleled in any other county—building, that is, of bowling alleys, trailer camps, movie houses, and furniture and food and department stores, the great majority of them designed to catch the New York-bound trade. Rapid transit from Bergen homes to New York offices, stores, and theaters is an all-absorbing county topic. In cars and buses and on the ancient trains of the Erie, from whose dirty windows one can sometimes see the ghosts of Jay Gould and Jim Fisk peering slyly, there is a mass movement night and morning between the county and the other side of the Hudson. For the great majority of Thomas's more influential constituents, Wall Street and the theater and shopping centers of Manhattan are far more important than any part of Ridgewood, Hackensack, or Ho-Ho-Kus.

This is not to say, however, that Bergen is chiefly populated by well-to-do business men and their families. On the contrary, the last survey of the county's wealth taken in 1941 showed Bergen eighteenth among New Jersey's twenty-one counties, with an annual family income of $3,779 and a per capita income of $1,105, as compared with corresponding state averages of $4,898 and $1,404. Hackensack has depressing slums; in Ridgewood, behind the spacious old houses with their well-kept lawns and clipped hedges, are rickety tenements from which, at this writing, a number of Negro families are being evicted for safety's sake. What it does say is that the "more influential" citizens—the brisk, briefcase-toting junior executives, the older owners of stock in the Public Service Corporation of New Jersey, which has a monopoly of electricity, gas, and bus transportation, the top men in the Bell Telephone Company—rule the Bergen roost politically, socially, and financially. They have imposed their Republican rule so long now that the underlying population, worried sick over high prices, poor school facilities, and inadequate housing, let the briefcase boys run the county by default. Lincoln Steffens once remarked that you could get away with almost anything in New Jersey, because "no one was watching."

On primary days, year in and year out, a well-drilled handful of Republican henchmen have voted for Parnell Thomas because he mirrors faithfully the opinions of the men who put up the campaign funds to keep the Hackensack machine well oiled. When a desperate group of the unemployed took over the State House at Trenton during the depression, Thomas wired his Republican playmate, Governor "Happy" Harold Hoffman, to feed the invaders chocolate eclairs and caviar. All the readers of the *Sun* on the commuters' trains were convulsed when they read that one. In his first campaign Parnell announced: "The farmers of the West and South who have become the victims of the New Deal witchcraft are financially ruined for years." The bankrupt truck and dairy farmers in the hills of Hunterdon thought that was hitting the nail on the head. In 1948 Thomas said he was proud of his vote against the OPA, and Republican clubwomen who had been bickering with their butchers clapped approving hands. And of course in "influential" opinion Parnell's showing up of those New Deal reds was one of the best jobs ever.

HAS the election of Truman and the indictment of Thomas in any way chastened the powers that be in Bergen? No more than they have chastened the Bergen moguls' favorite commentators on the passing scene—Westbrook Pegler, George Sokolsky, Fulton Lewis, Jr., and H. V. Kaltenborn. The "influential" people, of course, do not read the intelligent, liberal local columnists—the brilliant William Caldwell of the *Bergen Evening Record* or the hard-hitting defender of civil liberties, Robert Morrill Sand, of the Ridgewood *Herald-News*. They can't be bothered with local "gossip"—though they lap it up at the bridge tables and the tavern bars on the nights they can't get to the city. So now they are

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inviting lecturers from the chamber of commerce and the N. A. M. to tell them that they are the last bulwark between the "free enterprise" system and totalitarianism.

Having conducted last fall my usual semi-secret campaign for member of Congress on the Socialist ticket against Parnell and the "free enterprising" system which Drew Pearson and the grand jury charge he practiced on the pay rolls, I was mildly surprised to read this headline in a local paper: "Speaker Warns Chamber of Socialist Advance; Free Enterprise Due to Disappear." I figured I must have done better than my rather pawky returns indicated. The speaker in question was Leonard E. Read, president of the Foundation of Economic Education (isn't that something!), who told the Bergen County Chamber of Commerce at the Hackensack Golf Club that "free enterprise is due to disappear here unless something is done. The advance of socialism and the debauching of the currency have brought us to the brink of complete state control. The collective philosophy is sweeping the world because there are so few persons who can defend the free-market philosophy which they claim to stand for."

Well, that's the way it is in Bergen. What is to be done about it? Is the present generation of young people, so many of whom were out there fighting for what they were told was democracy, to continue the cynically indifferent ways of their fathers in matters political? Can any good come out of these satellite communities spawning so rapidly around our cities? Those who are urging —and I think rightly—the advantages of decentralization and suburban life have overlooked the danger of political schizophrenia in a voter whose heart is in the city and whose hat only hangs at home. I don't believe that in the case of Bergen the alternative to another Republican Parnell Thomas is a Hague-ridden Democrat. There are, after all, liberal, literate, and in their own way influential elements in the Seventh District which could be organized into a powerful opposition to both old-party machines. It was hoped that some such organization as the A. D. A. or the P. A. C. would serve, but neither of these cut any ice in the campaign here. To his publicly expressed astonishment Carl Holderman, head of the New Jersey C. I. O., now discovers that a great many C. I. O. members live in the Seventh District and voted dutifully for Thomas. Since Mr. Holderman long since made his peace with Frank Hague and has congratulated Republican Governor Driscoll on his labor policies, rank-and-file C. I. O. men may well be a bit bewildered. To ring door-bells and get out the vote as the labor politicians advocate is an estimable form of exercise, but unless you have a clear-cut platform and candidates of your own choosing to stand on it, you will not effect any notable change in the political status quo. As long as the A. D. A. and the laborites let the reactionaries name their men in the primaries, as long as they then indorse what seems to them the lesser of two evils, Bergen County, and other places, will get a Parnell Thomas or a reasonable facsimile of him.

Last Act in Indo-China

BY ANDREW ROTH

Saigon-Bangkok, December

THE final curtain is about to fall on French rule in Indo-China. Everyone seems sure of that but the French. France has failed to inflict a military defeat on the Viet Namese guerrillas. It has failed, through one of the grossest political blunders in colonial history, to make any headway in establishing its political predominance. Now the climax seems at hand, and France will probably lose its dearly bought beachheads on the Indo-China coast. The time will depend on when the Chinese Communists reach the Indo-China border, much of which is already held by Communist-led Viet Namese guerrillas.

At present the Viet Nam Republic, with some 150,000 regular soldiers and 300,000 partisans, controls about 80 per cent of the three provinces which make up Viet Nam—Tonking, Annam, and Cochin-China. The French with about 120,000 troops hold only the big cities like Saigon, Haiphong, and Hanoi and a few other fortified points. The roads connecting these cities can be traveled only by day and in convoy. In the adjacent puppet kingdoms of Laos and Cambodia—Viet Nam, Laos, and Cambodia together make up Indo-China—the French control the puppet monarchs in the capitals, but the activities of about 2,000 "free Laos" guerrillas and 5,000 "Free Cambodians" make their position precarious.

The effectiveness of the Viet Namese guerrillas can be attributed to their fine organizing ability and also to the fact that the resistance government has the greatest popular support of any nationalist movement in Southeast Asia. In Saigon last month I asked a prominent member of the French-sponsored Baodai-Xuan government how many Viet Namese supported his regime. "Probably about 1 per cent," he replied frankly. "Almost 99 per cent favor Ho Chi Minh's resistance government." The unpopularity of the Saigon government was clearly displayed in September when it tried

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to organize demonstrations in support of the Bay d'Along agreement with France, which had been denounced by Ho Chi Minh. In order to collect a crowd the authorities had to issue confidential orders to all civil servants to attend, on penalty of forfeiting a day's pay.

The French lost all chance of erecting a strong pro-French regime by unaccountably welshing on the Bay d'Along agreement. Under this agreement, which was negotiated last June after eighteen months of haggling by High Commissioner Emile Bollaert and Baodai, the former Emperor of Annam, France consented to grant Viet Nam the position of a self-governing "associate state" in the French Union, with 'internal sovereignty." Diplomatic, military, and financial pacts were to be negotiated later. However, diplomatic sources have disclosed that it was secretly agreed that France would be free to station troops in Viet Nam, since it is still part of the French Union, and that the Viet Namese could have a French-trained gendarmerie of 10,000 men. Baodai asked for the right to appoint separate consular representatives in neighboring countries, but the French would only promise to appoint Viet Namese to existing posts. The French retained for themselves control of customs and foreign trade.

Any hope that Baodai could use French concessions to wean away support from Ho Chi Minh has evaporated as the French government has put off giving life to the agreement. Baodai's supporters, headed by the tiny General Nguyen Van Xuan, are out at the end of a limb which the French are refusing to strengthen. Until the Bay d'Along pact is ratified, the Baodai-Xuan regime has no legal base whatever. Recently General Xuan wrote in reply to a U. N. agency's request for information on the situation: "It all depends on France. If France is not liberal, the nationalists will know they can only win by bullets."

The French government refuses to accept this advice despite prodding from the American State Department. Washington has reason to be concerned because the cost of the Indo-China fiasco is undermining the American-bolstered French economy. Although it is difficult to make an estimate, France probably spends $1,000,000 a day on the hostilities and has already poured upward of $800,000,000 down the Indo-Chinese rathole. The Apostolic Delegate estimates that 250,000 Viet Namese have been casualties of the colonial war and that French casualties are between 20,000 and 30,000. Recently about 10,000 replacements passed through Saigon on their way north to reinforce posts in Tongking. Presumably the French hope to strengthen their thin line of posts—some of them supplied by air—on the Chinese border. Like most of their other activities in Indo-China it seems a wasted effort.

IN MANY ways Viet Nam has been like an orphan in Southeast Asia. But it probably will be adopted soon —by the Chinese Communists. When the Chinese Communists make a junction with the Communist-led Viet Namese guerrillas, Viet Nam's unique isolation will be ended.

The Viet Namese are themselves partly to blame for this isolation. Having decided very early that the final decision would depend on military strength, they husbanded their foreign exchange for arms instead of spending a substantial portion on representation and publicity as the Indonesian Republicans have done. Viet Nam's isolation has also been due to the fact that virtually the only capital contributed is Fresch, while in Indonesia, for example, considerable British, American, and other capital has been invested, in addition to Dutch. Neither Britain nor America has been permitted by the French to acquire any substantial economic stake in Indo-China. London and Washington, moreover, have realized that Ho Chi Minh was Moscow-trained and that there are a number of other Communists in the Viet Namese leadership. And London and Washington's embarrassed silence on Indo-China has been reflected in the paucity of news.

The special character of Ho Chi Minh's Marxism has been overlooked. Before Tito's rebellion few Western observers took seriously the possibility of a sharp conflict between a "national Communist" who emphasized what he considered to be the best interests of his own country and the "international Communists" who think Moscow's interests come first. Certainly Ho Chi Minh is a "national Communist." Although he was one of the first of the Asian Moscow graduates, French Sureté files show that soon after he reached Canton in 1925, he fell out with Michael Borodin, Soviet adviser to the Chinese nationalists, who thought that during a revolution such as China's the struggle against imperialist oppression and the struggle against the wealthy landowners should go on simultaneously. Ho Chi Minh disagreed, arguing that the nationalist rebellion should have preference and that social conflicts should be held in abeyance until political freedom was secured. All the evidence available at present indicates that Ho still hews to this line. He does not belong to the "Moscow-always-knows-best" school. Not long ago he said to a friendly correspondent: "Moscow has made too many mistakes on Indo-China for us to take its word on our problems."

It is noteworthy that today Ho heads the only unified

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nationalist movement in Southeast Asia. In Burma the Communists are opposing a Socialist government; in Indonesia they combated a nationalist movement; in Malaya they are fighting in isolation after having jettisoned their allies in the nationalist movement. In Viet Nam—in very sharp contrast—Communists, Socialists, Trotskyists, monarchists, democrats, and Catholics are working together with scarcely any friction. This governing coalition has grown steadily broader, the most recent additions having been some of the old mandarins who were formerly in the court of Baodai.

One of the curious aspects of the Viet Nam situation is that the peculiar moderation of Ho Chi Minh has probably been motivated to some extent by his hope of restoring the friendly relations which existed between the Viet Namese and the Americans during the war. The Viet Namese nationalists began to fight the Japanese—and the French colonial regime which collaborated with the Japanese—as far back as 1940, and as a result were regarded with paternal approval by the American forces later based in South China. In 1944 the OSS parachuted in military advisers and arms for the Viet Namese guerrillas in North Tonking. The Viet Namese for their part marked out Japanese targets and rescued crashed American fliers.

The Americans made rash promises of help for the Viet Namese independence movement, but after hostilities ceased they abandoned their war-time allies. One reason was the death of President Roosevelt, who was in favor of keeping the French colonialists from returning to Indo-China. Another was the onset of the cold war. This immediately pushed the Viet Namese nationalists into the outer darkness, since they all acknowledged as their leader Ho Chi Minh, who bore the mark of "trained in Moscow." Recently the Viet Namese radio has been attacking the United States, partly because E. R. P. aid to France is helping to finance France's Indo-China war, and partly because the State Department is supporting the puppet government of Baodai. By now the Viet Namese have completely abandoned the hope that Washington would give sympathetic consideration to their aspirations.

So automatic has been the rejection of Ho Chi Minh that few persons even among diplomatic experts have observed the contrast between the coalition policy of Ho's government and the divisive policy of the Communists in other countries of Southeast Asia. This contrast was highlighted at the Communist and left-wing youth conferences held in Calcutta last March which set off the train of Communist explosions in Southeast Asia. The Viet Nam Communist Party sent no delegation to the Calcutta conference because Ho had dissolved it in 1945 and replaced it by a Marxist Study Group, a move designed to diminish internal friction and external criticism.

At the left-wing youth conference, the Indian and Burmese delegates tried to push through resolutions attacking the Burmese government as "puppets" and the Siamese government as military fascists, and advocating immediate distribution of land among the peasants and expropriation of foreign-owned property. The Viet Namese delegate dissociated himself from these resolutions because, he said, his government had friendly relations with the Siamese and Burmese governments, did not consider it expedient to upset the land system while fighting a war, and disapproved of blanket expropriation of foreign property. For taking this position he was accused by the Indian Communists of being "under American influence."

Since the Calcutta conference the Communists of Burma, Malaya, and Indonesia have followed an insurrectionist policy, splitting the nationalist movements in those countries. But the coalition policy of the Viet Namese Marxists has continued unchanged. Nevertheless, the Viet Namese government is not likely to turn down any offer of arms or technical assistance from the Chinese Communists—although it might refuse troops. On this subject the embattled nationalists of Asia take a simple position: they feel that nationalists have as much right to accept help from Communists as Socialist Britain has to accept help from capitalist America.

"For us there is only one goal—independence," Prapiset Panich, leader of the Free Cambodians, told me. This attitude is noteworthy because while the Free Cambodians are allied with their Viet Namese neighbors against the French, there are no Communists among their leaders. Prapiset continued: "If the Chinese Communists reach the Yunnan border and give even a moderate amount of aid to Ho Chi Minh, I think he can clear the French out of his section in three months. But that will mean that the Ho Chi Minh government will go red. If they offer us arms to drive out the French, we will accept them even if it means going red. For years I have been asking the British and Americans and Siamese for help in our struggle for independence, with no success. We would prefer help from the democracies, but we will accept it from whichever side offers it and be grateful. The democracies have a choice of two roads and a very few weeks in which to decide. Either they aid the moderate nationalists here or they aid the colonialists. If they take the second road, Western influence will soon be at an end in Southeast Asia."

Drawings by Golden

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Del Vayo—Laughter in 1949

LIKE every youthful people Americans love change. When the production of cars permitted, they looked forward to the day when they could discard their last year's model for next year's novelty. They can no longer change apartments because there are none to move into. But they still change wives. The passion for a world government, the transformation of militant Communists into police agents, the spread of a new religion—all attest the same desire to try something new.

Old emotions must be replaced by new ones. Louis Budenz, for example, who once wrote in the *Daily Worker* that the people on *The Nation* were "miserable wretches"—he applied that precise phrase to me in 1940 because I took the side of the Allies against Hitler—now feels that it was the people on the *Daily Worker* who were "miserable wretches." The present craze for psychoanalysis—what is it but a manifestation of the longing for change? A poor tortured soul can go to a doctor and after a year of consultations come out minus some thousands of dollars but a completely new man, of the fiber of the Conquistadors.

The Nation receives all sorts of suggestions from its friends for changing its format, its type, the character of its articles, and the style and personality of its writers. One proposal sent in recently was this: "Get Del Vayo out of Spain and let him do his writing for a few nights from the Stork Club."

The first part of the recommendation was difficult to carry out, for it is still very necessary to speak and write about Spain. Spaniards are not so much to blame for this as the government of the country to which my critic belongs. If the United States, instead of supporting the fascist dictator, Franco, would adopt a policy more appropriate to the "leading democracy of the world," nobody on this magazine would occupy himself with Spain more than with Belgium or Bermuda.

It was easier to comply with the second part of the recommendation, and also extremely pleasant. I went to the Stork Club, and even though I did not use it as a substitute for my office at *The Nation*—among other reasons, because that would have been rather expensive—the not entirely unknown world that came again under my eyes proved stimulating. Among the new ideas gleaned from this contact with society—a typically American society, gay, charming, the women beautiful, the dancing seductive, the drinks strong—I liked particularly one that I found on a New Year's card belonging to my companion at table: "Let there be laughter in 1949." It is with this admirable proposal that I start my career as a commentator on foreign affairs who uses for his window on the world—the Stork Club.

I believe that there can be a great deal of laughter in 1949, much more at any rate than in the year just ended. The specter of war, whose frightful silhouette darkened 1948, has withdrawn. Relations between Russia and the West might unexpectedly reach an irreducible crisis, but the best-informed persons with whom I talked just before I left Europe did not think so. Recent statements by President Truman about a rapprochement with Russia also justify optimism. His remarks about Russia are always puzzling and rather disquieting to foreign chancelleries by reason either of their timing or their substance. Certainly the State Department's experts on Russia must frequently blush for the President's ingenuousness. But I suggest that though Mr. Truman may know much less than the learned authorities of the department about Russian history and communism's internal conflicts, he has grasped the fact that a desire to arrive at an understanding with the West exists behind all the attacks of the Russian press and radio and even Mr. Vishinsky's speeches. His belief in the possibility of relaxing the present tension, his launching of the idea of the Vinson mission, his repetition of such sentiments as those he voiced during Christmas week—all these things allow us to hope for laughter in 1949, and for relief from the fear of war.

China is another thing. Laughter about China will not be general. However, stupendous events are taking place there, and in the last analysis they are a cause for rejoicing among all progressives. Since my return from Europe two weeks ago I have been surprised to see how little interest Americans take in what is happening in China. Youthful readers of *The Nation* who are looking for intellectual excitement should read the excellent article on a new policy toward China by John K. Fairbank in the last issue. Asia has become a powerful revolutionary factor in world affairs. The West must recognize the great capacities of a people which can achieve such military and political progress as that of the Chinese Communists. Look at the example of India. Prime Minister Nehru, who for years attracted very little attention, was acclaimed at the last imperial conference in London as the greatest statesman in the Commonwealth.

If outside the United States enough excitement is promised for the coming year to satisfy the most exigent, the domestic situation created by the November elections is almost as intriguing. Mr. Truman's victory was due to an event whose tremendous importance may not be fully appreciated in liberal circles—the entry of the workers on the American political scene with sufficient understanding and determination to decide the election against the whole press, big business, and the defeatism of Mr. Truman's own followers. From that to the creation of a strong political labor movement, claiming a part in the direction of this country's domestic and foreign policy and thereby changing the course of events in America and the world, is but one step—though a big one.

Lots of laughter may be heard in 1949. If General Marshall, for reasons of health, should retire, I hope Mr. Truman will be fortunate in his choice of a new Secretary of State. I did not discover a successor to General Marshall at the Stork Club, but after one is appointed, nothing need prevent him from going there to seek ideas and inspiration for a new American foreign policy. The world needs that more than anything else.

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BOOKS *and the* ARTS

The Young Washington

GEORGE WASHINGTON: A BIOGRAPHY. Volumes I and II, Young Washington. By Douglas Southall Freeman. Charles Scribner's Sons. $15.

BASIC WRITINGS OF GEORGE WASHINGTON. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by Saxe Commins. Random House. $3.75.

IN RECENT years biographers and historians have borne the main responsibility for making explicit the principles of American political life. The lack of major American works of political theory has given the lives of our statesmen a character unmistakably allegorical. Theoretical labels tell us much less about a man's principles than to say that he is a follower of Jefferson, Hamilton, Jackson, or Franklin D. Roosevelt. The figure of George Washington has had a unique place in our gallery of political allegory. By becoming the Father Abraham of American history he has been enveloped in a patriarchal mist which has left him vague beside the Davids who have fought our recent battles. Only a few hypercritical students like Irving Babbitt—for whom Washington was the antonym of political romanticism—have found in Washington a specific symbol. For the most part he has been assigned a role of mediator among the other conflicting symbols, and he has been supposed to represent the better part of each of them.

The predominant tone of the popular image has been of a stiff and stoical character. Fortitude, honesty, self-discipline, and courage have been his proverbial virtues; he has stood for the qualities by which battles are won. But he has somehow not become a symbol of the values for which nations fight; whether because of his inarticulateness or for whatever reason, he has not become clearly identified with the principles of representative government. Thus, despite his role as Father of His Country and symbol of patriotism, Washington—as distinguished, say, from Jefferson, or Lincoln—could easily be imagined as the popular idol of almost any other country. In this sense he has become perhaps the least American of our national heroes.

The major significance of the first two volumes of Douglas Southall Freeman's projected six-volume life of Washington lies in their emphasis on the specifically American flavor of the youth of the hero. While Freeman's young Washington does not lack the traditional virtues, the author—in eleven hundred pages bringing Washington to the age of twenty-seven—enables us to see how American circumstances influenced the development and expression of these virtues. Specifically, we discover what fortitude and self-discipline actually meant on the American frontier. Dr. Freeman shows us how the American landscape nourished a fervid self-seeking ambition—heretofore lacking from the popular portrait—and how this was wreaked upon the provincial American world. That Washington lived in a distant province of a great empire and on the verge of a savage and unconquered wilderness provided the peculiar opportunity for the adventures that were to bring him fortune and fame.

When only sixteen, Washington joined his first surveying expedition to the frontier; before he had come of age he had successfully combined a lucrative surveying practice with profitable land speculations. He had become the senior field officer of the military establishment of Virginia and acquired the title of colonel before he was twenty-three. For Washington the French and Indian War was neither a personal crisis nor a patriotic struggle but the setting for a career. There is some evidence that the young Washington enjoyed the fighting for its own sake. "I heard the bullets whistle," he wrote at the age of twenty-two, "and, believe me, there is something charming in the sound." But in the main, when Washington was not preoccupied with the day-to-day work of battle or of supply, he was doggedly, often blatantly, repairing his personal fences. In 1756 he left the scene of battle and journeyed in winter from Virginia to Boston to persuade a new commander to solidify his military rank. The spirit of his relations to his superiors is summed up in his letter to his colonel in 1758 asking to be recommended to the new brigadier general "as a person who would gladly be distinguished in some measure from the *common run* of provincial officers, as I understand there will be a motley herd of us."

Dr. Freeman's extraordinary skill and versatility as a military historian enable him to bring to life the trials of defending an overseas empire in the mid-eighteenth century. The difficulties of organizing British regulars alongside a motley Virginia militia, the problems created by British ignorance of frontier warfare and by American blindness to the imperial stakes, the exasperating fickleness of Indian allies—all these are recounted in chapters which Parkman would not have been ashamed to have written. Dr. Freeman loves a battle, and his remarkable grasp of chronology, geography, and technology, together with his talent as a story-teller, make the fight for Fort Necessity, the battle of the Monongahela, and the advance on Fort Duquesne a great adventure.

The grave defect of the book is a lack of a sufficient artistic unity; and considerable unity is surely required to induce the general reader to push his way through a thousand-odd pages which are hardly more than a preface to a career. The chronology of Washington's life proves a very slender thread because Dr. Freeman seems more interested in many other things than in Washington. The analyses of the character and personality of the hero have a rigid and schematic quality, depending too much on catchwords like "ambition," "honor," and "character." The reader is given a scant sense of the maturing or the spiritual development of the hero. At the same time much of the material about Washington himself is obscured or diluted by a mass of only vaguely relevant "background." The chapter Virginia During the Youth of Washington—comprising a quarter of

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the text of the first volume—is a morass of unassimilated social history; it includes everything from the relative number of clocks and watches to the cost of coffins, none of which is organically related to the subject of the book. The reader has the uncomfortable feeling that Dr. Freeman has been mastered by the stereotype of the "monumental" and definitive biography. He seems to have been haunted by the fear of omitting any fact: again and again he seems to have lost his sense of proportion and of relevance, as for example in the mechanical excurses into the Fairfax land titles and the lengthy exploration of the Custis genealogy. Too often the author shifts his focus to the background and puts the reader on bypaths. It is doubly unfortunate that Dr. Freeman has acquiesced in the mechanical and inartistic conventions of academic "completeness": as a consequence he is liable to lose many readers for the brilliant military history which is the core of these volumes as it was of the youth of Washington.

A valuable supplement to Dr. Freeman's work is the volume of letters, speeches, and other public and private documents which Saxe Commins has selected and edited from the thirty-nine-volume bi-centennial edition of Washington's writings. Mr. Commins's selection is intelligent and representative: it begins with Washington's own awkward and mannered, but often spirited, reports on the French and Indian War and ends with his lengthy and too-little-read Last Will and Testament. He has included virtually all of Washington's writings which the general student of American history would want to possess. Mr. Commins has provided a running commentary in the form of brief connective paragraphs between the items, which the lay reader will find helpful, even if they are sometimes written in an adulatory vein which does not square with the sort of facts that Dr. Freeman has given us.

DANIEL J. BOORSTIN

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Peace and Power Politics

THE NIGHTMARE OF AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY. By Edgar Ansel Mowrer. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.95.

EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER has had years of opportunity to watch American foreign policy at close range through its effect on other parts of the world. In his news dispatches he has expressed strong opinions about its failures and successes, many of which have been justified by the event. In this book he puts these opinions together to tell the story of what has happened since World War I and to indicate where we stand now. It is not a reassuring story, although it has its bright interludes.

The worst part of the record, everyone would admit, covers the years between 1919 and 1939. But not everyone would agree that Mr. Mowrer's interpretation of these years is right at every point. He believes that the Versailles treaty was on the whole a sound basis for future peace and that the United States should have joined the League. He completely rejects the economic interpretation of the peace made by John Maynard Keynes, and asserts that Etienne Mantoux "utterly pulverized Keynes's arguments" in his book "The Carthaginian Peace." After a careful study of both sides of this debate, I do not agree. The economic damage done by the fragmentation of the European economy and the upsetting effect of the demands for reparations did help to prepare the ground for the new war, although the outcome might have been different if the United States had not vainly attempted to practice both political and economic isolation.

Like others who share his views, the author had no faith in the Weimar Republic and believes that from the first Germany was preparing to rearm and regain European supremacy. This attitude takes a good deal of their tragic significance from the blunders which led to the rise of Hitler and his subsequent aggression. If the German nation was hopelessly militaristic and expansive, if the only way to have held it in check was through permanent tutelage enforced by superior military might, there would have been no hope of a peaceful organization of the world except on the basis of force, and any relaxation of vigilance on the part of the Western powers would have brought forth a substitute for Hitler if not Hitler himself. Such an interpretation misses the deeper currents of modern history.

After Hitler became Chancellor, the mistakes of Britain, France, and the United States are obvious, and Mr. Mowrer concurs with the general opinion, which he had an honorable part in forming. Incidentally, he emphasizes his dissent to the theory that Franklin D. Roosevelt was disingenuously plotting to get the United States into the war while pretending that he wanted to keep us out. On the contrary, the President, in his view, was too late in intervening and held too long to the hope that aid short of war would enable Britain to win.

It is in his view of the present situation that Mr. Mowrer's opinions need to be most closely scrutinized. The new danger to peace lies of course in the conflict between the United States and the Soviet Union. Mr. Mowrer, who is a thoroughgoing adherent of democracy and democratic liberty, is on his guard against the sentimental delusions to which he believes many Americans have been subject. As long as the world is divided into sovereign states, he warns, we are faced with an inevitable struggle for power which is sometimes civilized

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but never abolished by intelligent diplomacy.

In this struggle, he contends, we must use every ally available, whether or not we approve of the character of its rulers. He gives a blanket indorsement to the Truman policy, including the support of regimes like those in Greece and Nationalist China. This position is not based on a sufficiently penetrating analysis of the conditions under which the present struggle for power is being waged.

Power depends in the end on military force, to be sure, but that in turn depends on the adherence of people all over the world who are now actively seeking a better social order and who will be influenced by the intangibles of hope and justice as much as by the display of naked weapons, or even by economic aid.

If, as Mr. Mowrer believes, the only hope for future peace lies in the substitution of world government for national sovereignty, the peoples have much to do to achieve it, and their efforts will not be aided by a retreat to nineteenth-century concepts of international power politics.

GEORGE SOULE

Literature and Society

FIVE POEMS. 1470-1870. By E. M. W. Tillyard. The Macmillan Company. $2.75.

THIS little volume of hardly more than one hundred pages is modestly presented as "an elementary essay" and is described as "an experimental attempt to present some of the contents of histories of literature in an abbreviated form through particular examples." Actually it is fresher than either of these statements would suggest and represents the attempt being made in various academic quarters to bridge the traditional gap between formal scholarship and purely aesthetic criticism. What the author has in mind when he refers to "the contents of histories of literature" is less peripheral biographical and political facts than the intellectual and aesthetic convictions which help to determine the aims and methods of a poem. It is his interesting contention that the "non-literary matters" most relevant to the understanding of a literary work are not the specific moral or political theses which it may or may not consciously undertake to advance but the commonplaces of its period—its mythology he calls it—which author and audience took for granted though the present-day reader may no longer do so.

The six poems considered are Henryson's "The Testament of Cresseid," Sir John Davies's "Orchestra," Dryden's "Ode on Anne Killigrew," Coleridge's "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner," and Swinburne's "Hertha." In each case the intention is to make the poem more accessible to the modern reader by analyzing such basic assumptions as Henryson's tacit acceptance of a relation rather than a conflict between the Christian ideal and the ideal of courtly love, Dryden's similar assumption that formal rhetoric and courtly exaggeration are not, as a romantic would have assumed, incompatible with fundamental sincerity, and soon. In each case the method justifies itself partly because, as Dr. Tillyard says, the assumptions are usually such as we imaginatively make even though they are, in most cases, no longer those we actually do make.

Much contemporary dispute over the relation between literature and "society" turns upon the question—less often explicitly stated than it might be—whether literature is usually and most importantly an influence upon society or an expression of society's convictions and ideals. This question is actually a good deal more meaningful than any which can be raised over "art for art's sake," and though the present author never directly raises it, he seems to assume that the most significant "ideas" in a poem are those which it gets from, rather than those which it contributes to, its age.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

Fiction in Review

PERHAPS the first thing to be remarked of Ira Wolfert's "An Act of Love" (Simon and Schuster, $3.95) is that its hero is not, like his author, a newspaper correspondent. This is unusual, since to most newspapermen or advertising men or radio men with ambitions to write fiction, the world seems to offer but a single type of hero—a newspaperman or an advertising man or a radio man with ambitions to write fiction. It confirms the impression retained from Mr. Wolfert's earlier novel, "Tucker's People," that Mr. Wolfert has a much larger notion of the nature of fiction than is general among practitioners of the fringe professions of literature.

However, once it has been reported what "An Act of Love" is not about, the question arises what it *is* about—and then the reviewer's difficulties begin. It is common to good novels, and proper, that they defy easy summary of their contents. I think it can even be said that one of the things most obviously wrong with present-day fiction is that it is so baldly aware of its subject matter: it deals with intermarriage, or alcoholism, or incipient fascism in a Southern town with a population of fifty thousand, or tobacco-growing in Connecticut. Mr. Wolfert's novel has no

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WHY there is no reference in the entire New Testament, outside of the gospels, to a single one of the many miracles attributed to Jesus in the gospels? Most of the miracles attributed to Jesus were performed in Galilee; why is it that not a single church was established in Galilee?

WHO were the Christians? HOW and by whom was Christianity founded and how was it developed? WHAT was the GOAL of the early Christians and how was it altered? WHO WROTE the New Testament and HOW does it tally with undisputed historical writings of the same period in which the New Testament is purported to have been written?

If you are not afraid of the truth and facts; if you are not trained to see things through the eyes of others and are not afraid to see for yourself—NOT AFRAID to look fact and reality straight in the face, then here is a book that you should read and re-read:

WHAT GOAL NOW?

NEW LIGHT ON THE NEW TESTAMENT

by George L. Clark

Mr. Clark was formerly Professor of Law at New York University and is now at the University of Kansas City. The text is supplemented by a second section, consisting of 62 pages of closely printed small type material, which contains over 500 notes and cross-references, to enable the more deeply interested student to go to the sources and check for himself.

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such limitation of content. The story of some white people thrown together on a Pacific island in war time and having to battle out their feelings about themselves and each other, about love and death and destiny, its human purview is intended to be as wide as man's possibilities of glory or despair. It is designed, that is, to be what Lawrence called the novel, a book of life. But unfortunately it does not fulfil this high intention. Instead of capturing the swarm and spirit of life, it is a book of artifacts, of poses in relation to truth rather than statements or dramatizations of truth itself.

Some time ago I wrote of the need for the revival of the word "sincere" in the serious vocabulary of criticism. I was speaking of the insincerity so endemic in contemporary literary style, the fact that so many of our most artistically conscientious writers or writers with pretensions to talent and conscience use prose to call attention to themselves rather than to the object they are presumably examining. Although Mr. Wolfert is less guilty than the run of his contemporaries of this kind of stylistic posturing, he is far from free of it. He can write, for instance, the following internal monologue:

> Harry the fixer, he sneered at himself, the square-it boy. . . . Take a square look at the jerk. He's a guy who needs a vote. He's a champ when there's somebody in the corner for him, but leave his corner empty and he can't lift his hands to pick his nose . . .

in which he completely sacrifices the logic of his Harry, a sensitive and literate young man, in order himself to strike one of the fashionable attitudes of current fiction—the attitude of tough-boy virility. But a kind of insincerity of which Mr. Wolfert is even more guilty is the striking of poses not so much with language as with ideas and emotions. "An Act of Love" has all the paraphernalia of an intense psychological investigation. It operates in the realm of our most deeply hidden motives, of the fierce tensions of love and hate which bind or separate people. It commands, as if as its own, a quite sophisticated vocabulary of psychoanalytical insight. But there is not a single perception in the whole of Mr. Wolfert's long research into human motive which has the ring of validity.

To exemplify Mr. Wolfert's substitution of the simulacrum of emotional insight for the real thing is virtually impossible within the close dimensions of a review. It would be like trying to exemplify mist by bringing a handful of it into the living room, and "An Act of Love" in its totality is like nothing so much as a vast obscurity through which one glimpses dim familiar lights. But perhaps quotation of Mr. Wolfert's analysis of the dark forces involved in his hero's rejection of the sexual overture of Julia, his sweetheart, will suggest the vaporous and factitious method by which the novel proceeds. Julia, naturally shocked by Harry's refusal, tries to understand. Mr. Wolfert writes:

> He had spurned her. He had fought himself free of her grasp. . . . But he hadn't spurned her, she thought. He had spurned being led. He had spurned her taking of him. He had spurned her wanting to yield himself up when it was she who must yield to him. But she had not wanted him to yield. No, she had wanted her mother to yield.
>
> Julia's face had been red with rage. It turned pale as she realized what had been behind her desire for Harry. She resented her mother, and because she resented her mother she had set herself deliberately to do the opposite of what her mother wanted. . . . He had not spurned Julia. He had spurned her taking him in hate of her mother.

False in itself in any context, for surely no woman would think like this in the moment of a sexual rejection, the passage is doubly false in the context of what precedes and follows it because the whole of the novel, including the background of Julia's relation with her mother, is compounded of a myriad of just such fabrications. Far from giving us any true insight into human behavior, what Mr. Wolfert gives us is merely a construction of all the psychological bits and tatters which float around so freely in our advanced culture—that big boys would wish to regress to the condition of little boys, that little boys are passionately committed to their mothers, that little boys cannot mate with big girls until they grow up themselves, that mothers have private reasons for not wishing their daughters to mate at all. No one would wish to argue the soundness of these ideas if they were presented simply as demonstrable propositions. It is when they are made to serve, not the novelist's direct observation of life, but his pride of knowledge, that they become barren of all meaning except as a sign that the author has large and subtle doings afoot.

The novelist who is sincere is not interested in such parades. The world is too pressing to give place to his own prides. It constantly demands that it, rather than he, be explained and aggrandized. Yet here is the sickness of contemporary fiction—Mr. Wolfert's novel is but an example of it, the more striking because of his real gifts and proper ambitions—that our writers would seem to be incapable of feeling that they are enough part of the world so that if they explain or enlarge the world they are themselves enough explained and enlarged. Such is their sense of alienation from their society that they must constantly assert their existence in it by virtue of the fact that they are in a position to have attitudes toward it: to be is to be perceived in the act of perceiving.

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CONTRIBUTORS

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Art

CLEMENT GREENBERG

BOSCH, Brueghel, and Courbet are unique in that they are great artists who express what may be called a petty bourgeois attitude. The attitude is different in each case, according to the times, but all three painters agree in criticizing city life from the point of view of the village and in making their criticism on moral grounds. Bosch imagines hell "futuristically" in the form of a megalopolis whose architecture consists of machinery, while he puts paradise out in the fields. Brueghel follows him but exchanges his master's religious revivalism for a fatalism that is combined with a new interest in material reality. Courbet, the disciple of Proudhon, attacks state institutions in the name of the naked truth, which he sees as *material,* and is the first artist to treat the human form as but one among other objects in nature.

However, Courbet, like his predecessors perhaps, did not let his dissidence isolate him from his age. He put his century into his art so completely that he practically forced his successor, Manet, to turn toward the future before he was quite ready. Who knows but that without Courbet the Impressionist movement would have begun a decade or so later than it did—aside from the fact that he himself sowed some of the seeds of that movement? He was a very great artist.

What his painting renders is the nineteenth century's appetite for mass, force, and quantity in their most tangible aspects. At this distance we begin almost to admire the outrightness with which the Victorians indulged their taste for these things. It is upon this that Courbet's quality as a painter depends. Ingres and Delacroix also expressed their age, but their taste was too cultivated to permit them to surrender to it so frankly. It was by his very vulgarity that Courbet was able to attain to a completeness of statement in certain directions that redeemed the vulgarity in part. He might have been a greater artist could he have transcended his age, but some of the enjoyment we get from his art arises precisely from the fact that he did not, that his art is at rest within itself, and lacks many of those tensions we feel elsewhere in the great art of the nineteenth century. Courbet agrees with himself and his time in a way that reminds us of Rubens, Velasquez—of the general climate of art before the French Revolution.

He painted with body color, using very little medium and pressing masses of pigment to the canvas with his palette knife; he emphasized the corporeality of the picture itself as well as that of nature. Especially in his seascapes he indulged himself in pure, frank color such as only Constable before him had dared use, and he relied less than was traditional on chiaroscuro and uniformity of tone as unifying means. One might think that his desire to convey the solidity of nature, and the emphatic modeling this required, would have induced a strong illusion of three-dimensional form, but his simultaneous desire to make the picture itself solid and palpable worked against this in a subtle way. True, we get a vivid impression of mass and volume from Courbet's art; yet he seems to have wanted to render the palpability of substance and texture even more. Thus in his landscapes and marines he tends to suppress atmospheric recession in order to bring the background forward so that he can make evident the texture—even if it is only the color texture—of cliffs, mountains, water, or sky. The resulting effect sometimes approaches bas-relief, just as in his figure pieces, but his marines also arrive at a clarity of color and a sudden flatness that anticipate the Impressionists. We see once again that by driving a tendency to its farthest extreme—in this case the illusion of the third dimension—one finds oneself abruptly going in the opposite direction. Most of the Impressionists began painting under the influence of Courbet; yet the art they created dissolves all solidity and undermines the very principle of illusion in painting by returning to two-dimensional optical sensations. Cézanne, in recapitulating Courbet's effort to seize the substantial reality of nature, ended by painting such relatively flat pictures as the Philadelphia Museum's "Mont St.-Victoire" in which the seeds of cubism were planted.

Courbet was the first notable French artist since Chardin to become interested in the seventeenth-century Dutch painters, and he was certainly the first to feel the influence of the Spanish. This last is not only clear in the large early compositions which brought him his first fame; it persists later in the broad and simplified modeling that makes for the paradoxical bas-relief effect, if not flatness, of so much of his work. However, it was mostly the Dutch landscapists who furnished an example in the best productions of his later years, which are those astoundingly luminous marines that must have helped awaken the Impressionists to the power of unmixed color.

This French master was paradoxical in many ways. He liked size, he used paint in great quantities, and did big pictures at first; yet in the end it turns out that most of his canvases are only about the same size as the Impression-

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What About RUSSIA?

New Republic's mail contains an occasional cancellation from a subscriber because he feels we are *too friendly* to Russia. There is, also, an occasional cancellation because we are *too hostile* to Russia

• • • not enough in the course of a year, in either case, to be of major importance. But the principle involved is worth explanation to readers of *The Nation,* like yourself, who are regarded as prime prospects for *New Republic*—particularly at the current introductory subscription rate of **26 weeks for only $2.**

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And we believe further • • that the conservative 99 percent of the American press is emotionally so hostile to Soviet Russia it is incapable of reporting on the USSR fairly and accurately • • just as the *Daily Worker* and its handful of sister publications are equally biased in the other direction • • that, to help steer a middle course, *America needs New Republic,* which tries to be fair even to those with whom it disagrees and reports facts even when they are unpleasant.

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ists'—rarely over three and a half feet on any side. He was famous for the rapidity and broadness of his execution, and the coarseness that would appear to be a result of this spoils half his work; yet where he triumphs, later on, it is not by boldness so much as by sensitivity. Once he had left the great declamatory pictures of his youth behind him, beauty came largely from the nuances of color and plane, nuances he locked under a thick, vitreous surface.

I do not like Courbet's portraits, but they are sensitive in feeling if not in actual painting. His nudes, which I usually like even less, manage however to be crass and poetic at the same time. Courbet always had trouble in inserting figures in a background, but he achieved some of his greatest triumphs precisely in this matter, and their mood of figure-*cum*-foliage almost redeems some very inanimate nudes. It is the same mood that compensates at times for the vulgarity of Balzac and Berlioz, an operatic romanticism that is still sincere.

Courbet's great fault was his refusal to be cultivated (this does not mean he was not an erudite painter), which was an effect, it seems, of his egotism and self-indulgence. He had small powers of self-criticism, and after reaching artistic maturity in his thirties he stopped developing. As the catalogue for the Courbet exhibition at Wildenstein's (through January 8) says: "From now on his work simply alternated between good and bad. From now on, it was merely a question of landscapes, marines, portraits, nudes—depending upon interest, mood, circumstances." Marx would have said that this was a typical symptom of the petty-bourgeois attitude toward existence, with its reluctance to take risks and its distaste (see Proudhon) for history. I would not dispute this, but I would add that it was also the sign of a temperament that had a great capacity for pleasure and was largely immune to that anxiety which can prevent even the calmest artist from being satisfied with success in the present.

The show at Wildenstein's makes Courbet's unevenness plain. The famous big pictures are mostly still in France, but we can see the Metropolitan's large "Demoiselles de Village," which despite

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its coarseness of color would have been an even more astounding work if Corot had not already painted one very much like it (which, too, can be seen at the Metropolitan); and the Smith College Museum's "Toilette de la Mariée," which I would judge to be unfinished, for all its curious but not quite successful strength. The completely satisfying pictures in this show are the seascapes and, to a lesser extent, the landscapes. The artist seems, during the last twenty years of his life, to have been able to handle best what was inanimate and removed somewhat by physical distance—especially those things one is unable to take between one's fingers, like light, water, and the sky. For all his adoration of the solidity of nature, Courbet came in the end to feel its intangibility with the most truth.

About seven paintings of the forty-three at Wildenstein's there should be no doubt: "The Mediterranean" of 1854-60, "Two Boats on a Beach" of 1865, "Low Tide" of 1865-66, "Cliffs at Etretat" of 1867, "The Wave" of 1870, "Seascape" of 1870, and the "Château de Chillon" of 1873.

"Mountain Cliffs at Ornans" of 1855-60, "The Fringe of the Forest" of 1860, "The Isolated Rock" 1865-66, "Sea Cliffs" of 1870, and the "Forest" are less complete in their success. Fourteen items out of forty-three may not seem a high score, but each of these fourteen is enough almost of itself to establish Courbet as a master for the ages.

Drama

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

JEAN GIRAUDOUX'S posthumous play, "The Mad Woman of Chaillot" (Belasco Theater), had a great success in France. Here in New York it enjoys the advantage of a limpid and supple translation by Maurice Valency as well as the services of an admirable, well-directed cast. The handsome settings of the two acts have been brought bodily from Paris, and the whole enterprise is marked by sincerity as well as taste. Unquestionably it is going to be one of the most talked-of plays of the year, and my opinion will probably be a minority one. The fact is, nevertheless, that Giraudoux's play stubbornly remains for me merely well-bred and lifeless. That judgment applies equally to the works of a whole school of modern European playwrights. To the reply that they are, after all, essentially intellectual my counter-retort is simply that I doubt the justice of that particular adjective. Sophisticated, literate, civilized—yes; perhaps even intelligent. But "intellectual" implies something profound, searching, and rigorous, whereas "The Mad Woman of Chaillot" gives us at most no more than a certain urbanity.

I do not know just when the play was written, but it was not produced until 1945 after the author had been dead for nearly two years. Presumably it was written, if not after the war had begun, then at least when the shadow of what was to come had already fallen, and the theme is concerned with that very inclusive question, "What is wrong with the world?" Giraudoux has, however, chosen to treat it in terms of a very tenuous fantasy, which to my mind never defines either the degree of seriousness with which it is to be taken or the exact realm of imagination in which the action takes place. The dramatis personae through whom the story is told are divided into two groups. The one is composed of a fantastic "promoter," a prospector who believes that he has discovered oil in Paris itself, and their various hangers-on. The other group is composed of street singers, ragpickers, and various vagabonds mysteriously united under the leadership of a mad countess who lives among the ragged splendors of a past. "The King of the Sewermen" reveals to her the secret of a bottomless crypt whose entrance is through her cellar, and she conceives a plan to free the world. Pretending to have discovered oil under her very feet, she persuades the entrepreneurs and the prospectors to descend to investigate. Then she closes the trap door upon them, and the ragamuffins celebrate a world returned to sanity.

Now obviously this is not intended as a rigorous allegory. Various little suggestions of meaning peep out from time to time. One is the suggestion that what the world needs is less realism, more gaiety. Another perhaps is that Paris will never be sacrificed for oil—that the ancient loyalties embodied no less in its monuments than in the spirit of its people will never permit themselves to be betrayed by the brutal logic of world economics. But the most persistent thesis is simply that all evil is embodied in the souls of the members of a small class and that the Golden Age would return of itself if they were sent down the sewer. It is, to be sure, clear enough that Giraudoux does not really believe this. What he is offering us is the dream of a mad woman, and that fact relieves him of responsibility. What he seems, in the end, to be saying is simply: "I know it is not all so simple as this, but, ah, how I wish that it were!" And that I submit is not a sufficiently sturdy foundation for an "intellectual" drama. Neither does he, on the other hand, supply the requisite substance by making either the dialogue sufficiently witty to stand by itself or the fantasy sufficiently rich in its own right to become its own excuse for being. Giraudoux the wit and Giraudoux the poet seem, like Giraudoux the philosopher, dangerously close at every moment to degenerating into merely Giraudoux the *blagueur*.

Whatever performance can do to enliven and substantiate seems to have been done. Vladimir Sokoloff as the prospector, Clarence Derwent as the promoter, and John Carradine as the ragpicker give picturesque performances. The women are even better, for the English actress Martita Hunt gives real dignity to the title role, and Estelle Winwood a delightfully contrasting goofiness to one of the mad woman's equally mad cronies. There is also a charming bit by Nydia Westman as still another relic of the genteel age, and there are striking performances by several others, includings Leora Dana as the cafe waitress. Perhaps it is significant that the most amusing as well as the most convincing scene is that of almost Alice-in-Wonderland absurdity where the three mad women alternately accept and refuse to accept one another's delusions.

Possibly the real secret of the failure

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of the play to seem as satisfying in New York as it apparently seemed in Paris is simply the fact that New Yorkers have never been submitted to a nervous strain comparable to that which Europeans underwent. For all its sophistication of manner "The Mad Woman of Chaillot" is a flight into an almost childishly transparent dream of wishes fulfilled more simply than wishes ever can be.

Music

B. H. HAGGIN

TO *The Nation* editors' statement about the Gieseking case in the December 4 issue I can add what a great German musician and one of the most honorable human beings I know—one who would have found it in all ways profitable to stay in Nazi Germany, but who had chosen to get out—told me after his last meeting with Gieseking in this country. They had, he said, got into a heated argument over Gieseking's strongly affirmed belief in the Nazi program, which my friend attributed to mere stupidity rather than viciousness. That can stand as the answer to the recent statement of Gieseking quoted by Delbert Clark: "This [belief in Hitler] is so silly that it would only make me laugh if it wasn't so stupid and insulting to me."

As for Raphael Demos's letter in the December 18 issue, I think it contained the answer to the question it raised. Must we turn our backs on good art because the artist was not a good man? It doesn't seem so to me; but then must we accept personal association with the bad man who has produced the good art? This doesn't seem so to me either; and that, for me, provides the answer in the cases of people like Gieseking. His behavior makes him one of the people I don't want to have anything to do with personally; nor do I want even the personal contact with him that would exist in the concert hall, the implications of personal approval and identification which my presence there would have. But I will listen to his playing on a record.

So—in the few instances where his performances are good art—with Furtwängler, whose behavior was far worse than Gieseking's.

But Flagstad's case is different. Somewhat like the Pope, who preserved neutrality between the Nazis and their victims, but unlike him in the fact that she made no claim to be the world's conscience, she appears to have refrained from the slightest collaboration either with the Nazis or with their enemies—which was why the courts cleared her but the Norwegian public will have nothing to do with her. It is understandable that the Norwegians should feel that way, and that even some Americans, remembering Casals, should feel strongly about what, in comparison with his, was her morally inadequate behavior. For me, the difference between her moral inadequacy and Gieseking's and Furtwängler's playing ball with the Nazis for their own gain means that I probably would not accept an invitation to dinner with her but was willing to use the press tickets that were sent to me for her recent New York recital. However I will not go again; for I am willing to listen to her singing, but not to participate in high-tension demonstrations of personal solidarity such as occurred at that recital—for example, the audience's rising at her first entrance.

What we heard in Flagstad's first performances at the Metropolitan was the most phenomenally beautiful voice and most phenomenal ease and security in its production since Caruso's, and in addition a musical taste in its use that Caruso did not have. At the recent recital notes in the upper range came out sometimes without the voluminous golden luster of the lower ones; but even then it was breath-taking to hear with what assurance they were approached, attacked, and held—often at the end of a long sequence; and at other times the high notes came out in full splendor. And added to this phenomenal singing was the musicality and style which made it still the greatest vocal art one can hear today.

That was what I had been led to expect I would hear at Ebe Stignani's recital the next night, by what Virgil Thomson had written about a midwestern concert of hers a couple of months earlier. And so it was a shock to hear in the opening piece and the rest of the first group a tremolo-ridden mezzo-soprano voice which broke phrase after phrase for lack of sufficient breath. But then came a Piccini song in which pure, luscious tones were spun out with superb style in long phrases. And such alternation of poor with superlative singing continued in the other performances I heard.

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Letters to the Editors

A Match for the L. I. R. R.

Dear Sirs: In an editorial paragraph in your issue of November 27 you say: "For downright incompetence, arrogance, and cold indifference, no publicly owned enterprise can hold a candle to the L. I. R. R." I wish your editorial writer would come out to Los Angeles and take a ride in the vehicles of the Pacific Electric, the Los Angeles Motor Coach Company, and the Los Angeles Transit Lines—privately owned enterprises operating the poorest transportation system in the universe, including Tibet and Mars.

RUSSELL R. KLETZING
Los Angeles, December 16

Let Gieseking Pay for the Nazis' Victims

Dear Sirs: Attempts to whitewash Gieseking are an outrageous substitute for the shame we ought to be feeling for our neglect of the outspoken foes of fascism. Was any hubbub raised about Bela Bartok, a creative giant worth a hundred virtuoso pianists, whom we allowed to die in want? Is there a hubbub about Arnold Schönberg, who at the age of seventy-four and in ill health still has to work hard to earn a living? A hundred other artists have had their careers ruined by their "racial impurity" or frank opposition to Hitler. Are we helping their comebacks?

Let Gieseking devote the rest of his life to the revival of the culture that Hitler destroyed. Let him give the Germans all-Bartok, all-Schönberg, and all Mendelssohn recitals. This would be a great service to the Germans, and I see no evidence of cultural decay in the Western world, or in the U. S. S. R., as a result of Gieseking's long absence.

I have not yet heard any questions about who will profit from Gieseking's playing in the United States. Surely this man, so immersed in his art that he never developed a sense of political responsibility, would not dream of playing just for money. I would be interested in an announcement by him *and his managers* that all proceeds of his concerts will be donated to the families of artists who died in Buchenwald, or to the rebuilding of concert halls destroyed by Göring's bombers. (What are Mme Flagstad and her managers doing with their recent American earnings?)

We may never determine precisely the measure of Gieseking's guilt. But we do know that he is not altogether innocent. And we do know who are the victims of fascism. Therefore I move that we table the case of Gieseking, and let him stay at home as comfortably as he can until we shall have disposed honorably of the cases of all fascist victims.

LAWRENCE MORTON
Beverly Hills, Cal., December 29

What Do You Do With a Defeated Enemy Musician?

Dear Sirs: When people fall into the mischievous habit of applying artificial rules of morality to a real-life situation, the resultant muddle turns out much like the current controversy over so-called "collaborationist" musicians. First of all, it hardly behooves us, living in a country in which the narrowest variety of national patriotism is still considered a cardinal virtue, to hypocrit-icize patriots of other lands, even if they happen to have been our enemies in the last war —quite possibly to reappear as our allies in the next. In fact, the Furtwänglers and Flagstads have not even been accused of having acted as burning patriots during the past war. Their crime is defined as failure to revolt against their national and conjugal ties—a somewhat dangerous principle should it be widely accepted and acted upon.

Some artless creatures are even arrogantly trying to dictate which artists should and which should not be available to music lovers in the American concert hall. They contend, of course, that high-minded patriotism and preoccupation with abstract ethical points take undisputed precedence over artistic considerations. I think it reasonably safe to declare that few music lovers participated in the last war in order that, at its victorious termination, they should be denied the prodigious talents of a Gieseking.

For those who can understand and accept no other appeal, let the matter be placed on a simple spoils-of-war basis. Supposedly we won the last war. Therefore to us as victors belong the spoils—those of artistry no less than any other. Now what does a victor, motivated solely by his desire for spoils, do with a defeated enemy musician? Cut off his hands? Remove his tongue? Banish him from the concert stage? Or permit the artist, and if necessary insist on it, to perform as long as the victor cares to hear him. Obviously, this last. If the vengeance motive must also be served, then confiscate his emoluments, exhibit him publicly as a former enemy, banish him forever from his native land; but do not commit the entirely gratuitous folly of forbidding him to serve the one function for which he is properly fit.

JOSEPH H. LEDERER
Chicago, December 27

A Muddled Reviewer?

Dear Sirs: Although I appreciate the seriousness with which Diana Trilling has reviewed (in *The Nation,* November 27) my novel "The Welcome," I must protest against her distortion of "precisely what it is saying" about marriage and try to clarify certain confusions which she has introduced. She has managed to understand some premises of the theme and then in some curious way to force from them conclusions which are solely her own and are not supported by the development of the novel.

For instance, her version of the content begins: "If women were truly feminine and feeling, they would forgive men for loving other men." Her conditional clause may be allowed, but its conclusion in the action of the novel is: women would not, as they do now, alienate men and force them to search for love in other men. She follows this with the suggestion that "woman represents only a second choice in the sphere of love," whereas the novel proposes that women have already chosen that sphere consciously by negating their suitability and responsibility in marriage and are consequently as unhappy about their mistake as men are.

The novel is admittedly "hard on women"; since it is so, I cannot understand why Mrs. Trilling has warped it into something unpleasantly hard on men. She has made it sound like a plea for homosexuality—which it is not—instead of an attack on modern feminism and its destructive effects in our culture. One of these effects—the emotional alienation of men—since femi-

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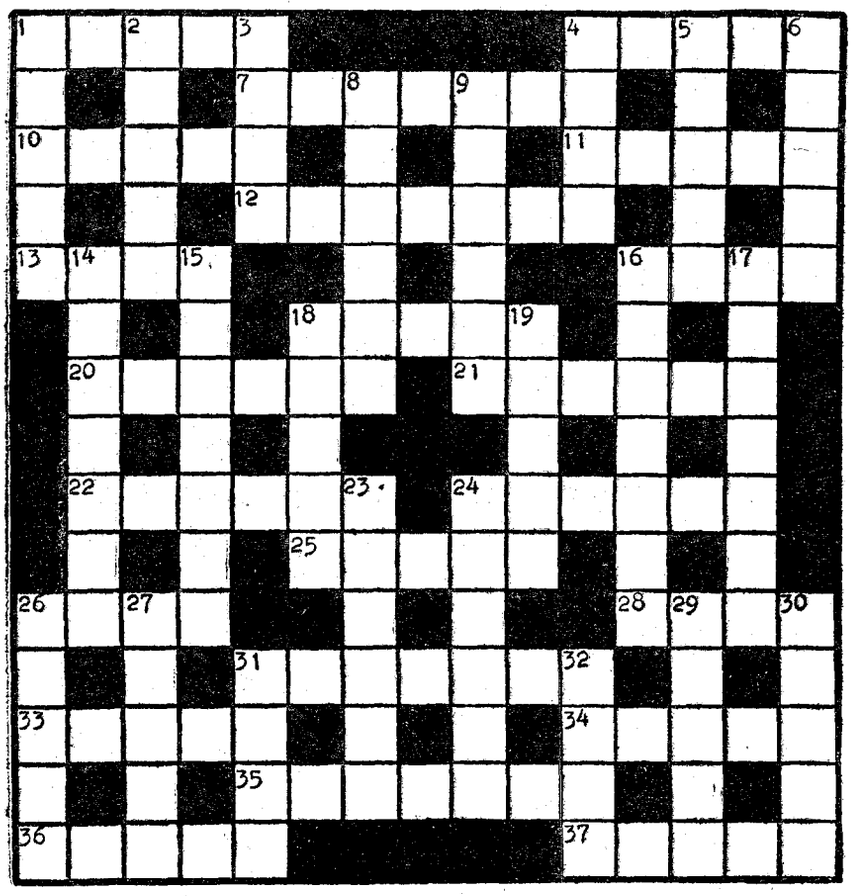
Crossword Puzzle No. 295

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1, 4 In fear that 26 across and 13 could never be won by it? (5, 5)
7 Sweet potato. (7)
10 Industrial, when waterless. (5)
11 Harris' uncle. (5)
12 Extraction that makes light of 27. (7)
13 See 1 across. (4)
16 See 37.
18 He invented the Slavic alphabet. (5)
20 Factor of a monkey? (6)
21 When a student does, it's no credit to him. (6)
22 Ambled in (and out of) confusion. (6)
24 Angela used to be tickled by cat-whiskers. (6)
25 You can buy his portrait for 12 cents. (5)
26 See 1 across. (4)
28 Coin of rather late origin. (4)
31 Perhaps 6⅞, upset. (7)
33 Company is here briefly now and again with a drink, perhaps. (5)
34 Standard equipment for those who like to chew things over. (5)
35 Keeps us from having an illiterate Pa. (7)
36 Council in the embassy, no doubt! (5)
37 and 16 across. Military command for the procurement officer? (5, 4)

DOWN

1 Little Albert seems to be a Stout Fellow! (5)
2 I sort of laid siege in it. (5)
3 What a teller might have done in the past. (4)
4 Connecticut town without a crossing. (4)
5 Longfellow's skeleton was in this. (5)
6 Objects might be pro this. (5)
8 6 - - - for gold, perhaps. (6)
9 Place of Debussy's work. (7)
14 The oxygen they use is free. (7)
15 One who gives. (7)
16 A sort of metal in food might almost cause sickness, too. (7)
17 It makes something wrong. (7)
18 Mr. Rumba? (5)
19 This month has only 29 days, and a little bit over. (5)
23 People are likely to be short-sighted with it. (6)
24 This pair plays stellar roles. (6)
26 Every block has six. (5)
27 Where one sometimes might find food for an early American? (5)
29 Help me in! (5)
30 This boat certainly shouldn't go in circles! (5)
31 Jack might be quite one. (4)
32 Consequently derived from a bloody mess! (4)

≈=≈

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE No. 294

ACROSS:—1 YELLOW JACK; 6 AFAR; 10 ARBITER; 11 MERMAID; 12 PRORATES; 13 CANAL; 15 RIANT; 17 IMBROGLIO; 19 STRAGGLER; 21 SOMME; 23 WHIFF; 24 STANDARD; 27 DETRACT; 28 NAVAHOS; 29 WORD; 30 BANDSTANDS.

DOWN:—1 YEAR; 2 LIBERIA; 3 OTTER; 4 JURY TRIAL; 5 COMBS; 7 FLANNEL; 8 RED-BLOODED; 9 PRECIOUS; 14 GRASS WIDOW; 16 TUG-OF-WAR; 18 BARGAINED; 20 ROISTER; 22 MARCH ON; 24 SITKA; 25 DIVOT; 26 ISIS.

Readers are invited to send for a free copy of Mr. Lewis's "ground rules." Address requests to Puzzle Dept., The Nation, 20 Vesey Street, New York 7, New York.

nism ultimately implies the absence of any sexual distinctions and leads directly to increasing homosexual attitudes in both men and women—is overexplicit in the novel, I should have thought; but Miss Trilling has severed cause from effect, and talks only of the effect in men.

So it is no wonder that she feels my thinking is "pretty muddled," when it is only her understanding of what she reads that is muddled. I suspect that this arises from her confusion of definitions of sex (an instinct), love (an emotion), marriage (an institution), and the distinction between homosexual activity and tendency. Thus she is betrayed into the use of such an ambiguous phrase as "the sexual element in a male friendship." Does she mean one to assume also a sexual element in female friendship, and therefore in all friendship, so that everyone is homosexual? Or does she mean that only male friendship involves a sexual element, and so all men who have friends are homosexual?

Mrs. Trilling has conjured up the Kinsey report to sustain her discussion of the sexual problems of her review. The report contained, to her, "startling statistics" on the homosexual activities of married men. But "The Welcome" does not concern such activities; it concerns such tendencies, yes, but prompted by women's withdrawal from vitality into narcissistic feminism, and it offers no suggestion that the two men had any physical experience with each other. Indeed, in the case of Jim, there is no indication that even any physical attraction existed. The insistence of reviewers on emphasizing this quality in the two men makes me wonder at their own conception of emotional life in man. They are willing to acknowledge that the tendency is delicate and tender, when isolated, say in college life, as in "The Folded Leaf," and that it can be left behind; but when it is involved with women and marriage and a broader life, their perceptions and distinctions go to pieces.

Since "The Welcome" is hardly at all concerned with sexual matters, but with emotional and cultural problems, and in particular those of women through their impact on men, she should have cited "Modern Woman: The Lost Sex." In the absence of any volume discussing the social and economic effects of twentieth-century feminist attitudes—woman's ambivalent position of wanting the prerogatives of both men and women but none of the re-

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either—the Farnham- book might have helped her ...d understanding a direction of thinking which, being now unfashionable, seems muddled to her.

Mrs. Trilling discovers that I ingenuously assume "that homosexuality is something to be grown out of simply by the wish." There is no such assumption in the book except the common psychological one that all people pass through such an emotional period early in life; and many people do marry to prevent its development into an activity, though they still carry the tendencies. Given basic spiritual, mental, and personal qualities in common, most of these people end in marriage as good husbands and wives. Both men in "The Welcome" were potentially such ordinary normal husbands. But their emotional life did not quite develop out of adolescence, and they had to relive it in retrospective intensified form—the married man because his wife thrust him back, the single man because his mother dragged him back to it—until they do emerge, shaken, but definitely free of each other.

Men like them are seen every day at work and at theaters and parties with their wives; and if their homes break up, it is not so much because of homosexual tendencies—which have existed for a number of years without destroying marriage—but because of woman's confused, unstable feministic yearnings, a fashion, like divorce, of the twentieth century. The novel calls upon women to consider what *they* are doing to a "society based on matrimony," and either to return to a balance of basic biological necessities and basic family obligations to preserve that society in health or else to admit the hypocrisy of the present trend and admit that the institution of marriage has been destroyed by their mockery of its purposes.

HUBERT CREEKMORE

Iowa City, Iowa, December 22

A Fortunate Error?

Dear Sirs: I'm sorry Mr. Creekmore feels that I misinterpreted his novel. The chief weight of his protest seems to rest on the fact that I interpreted his book to imply a certain responsibility on the part of men for their fate in our society, whereas Mr. Creekmore intended his story as an indictment only of women. I am perfectly willing to stand corrected on Mr. Creekmore's intention. But I am afraid I am not persuaded that he fulfilled his intention in his book. However, this is surely only fortunate. I think Mr. Creekmore should be glad that by some happy accident he failed to convey in his novel the whole animus against women which his letter expresses.

DIANA TRILLING

New York, December 24

An Interracial Fraternity

Dear Sirs: While reading in your issue of November 27 of the action of the Phi Psi chapter at Amherst College, it occurred to me that you might be interested in hearing of the highly successful inter-racial fraternity founded at the Santa Barbara College of the University of California.

This fraternity, Tau Beta Delta, was started in the fall of 1947, and from the outset had a high rating as a campus organization. One of its charter members and its first president is now president of the student body at Santa Barbara, and other members of the group are prominent in scholastic, athletic, and social affairs. I have heard that it is now branching out as a national fraternity. If it does, and is propagated on other campuses in the same wholehearted spirit of *real* fraternity as at Santa Barbara, I am sure it will as quickly outrank the present "big boys" elsewhere as it did there.

KATHRYN UPDEGRAFF

Laguna Beach, Cal., December 13

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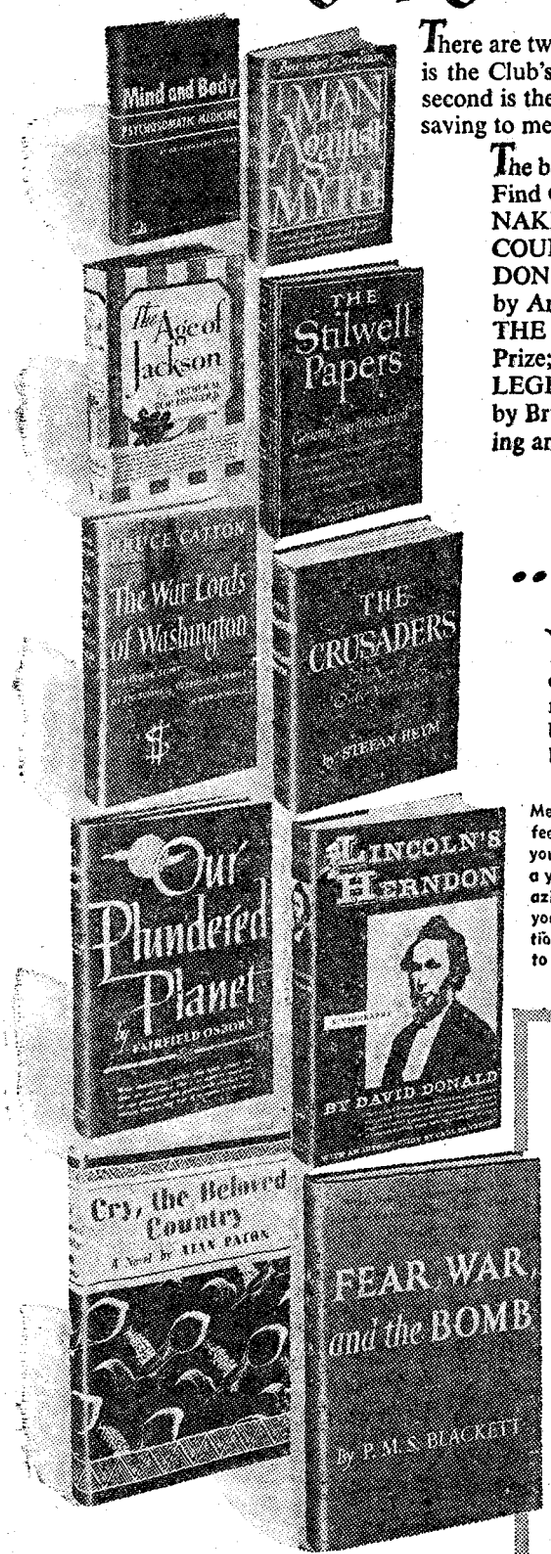

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